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PREFACE.

These reminiscences are taken from private letters written to members of my family and a few personal friends, and also from letters written by Lieut. Archer to his family, and were not intended for publication, except such parts as Col. Mosby may deem worthy of a space in his forthcoming book relating to the experiences of himself and his command in the late war, now in course of publication.

FRANK H. RAHM.

REMINISCENCES

OF HIS

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE FROM PRISON

AND

Adventures Within the Federal Lines

BY A

MEMBER OF MOSBY'S COMMAND,

WITH A

NARRATIVE BY A C. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

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RICHMOND, VA.

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REMINISCENCES.

RICHMOND, VA., March 25th., 1895.

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY :

Dear Colonel: Yours of the 19th is to hand and contents noted. I was in hopes of seeing more of and having quite a chat with you at our recent reunion, but as there were so many for you to divide your time with, I felt that it would be more enjoyable to both to wait a more opportune time. True to my promise, I will endeavor to give you a sketch of my capture, imprisonment and finally my escape and return to Dixie. It is now thirty long years since that event, and while I have related it but very seldom, and have never before attempted to write it, have on scores of occasions been importuned by writers to let them have it for various literary papers, &c. To make it more interesting, I will enter into as detailed an account as I can remember, and must admit it is very nearly as fresh in my memory to-day as then.

It was in October, 1864, and while you had gone on the renowned "Greenback Raid" with a portion of the command, that Col. Wm. Chapman, with the rest of the command, started for Maryland *and crossed* at White's Ford. After making a circuit of a few miles in Maryland (and, by the way, had we have been thirty minutes earlier, would have captured a train on the B. & O. at the first station beyond Point of Rocks), Col. Chapman decided to return by the way of Point of Rocks. On approaching the canal we were intercepted by the notorious Key's command, who would not dare come out in the road and show a good fight, but kept in the field, a fence being between us, pouring their fire in the rear of the column. My company happened to be bringing up the rear on this occasion. I noticed Col. Chapman coming from the front to the rear and surmised that something would soon happen. As he approached me he remarked that the Yanks had taken up the floor of the bridge spanning the canal, and we will have to whip and scatter these fellows before we can relay the floor. So, when your rear is on a line with the gate, I'll wheel the command and charge them, which he did, and after standing a while they broke and ran in every direction. I saw one fellow giving the Col. a pretty good duel. I joined the Col., when the Yankees broke, and this fellow was the last man to run. I singled five who had taken to the right and supposing others were following me, had them all cornered in the fence; one had dismounted and throwing down the rails, the five surrendered without a shot

being fired, though they were two hundred yards from any of the rest of either command. I started out with the party, when one in particular begged me to take care of and not turn him over to any one else. I promised him I would. We had hardly gone one hundred yards, when, who should come galloping to my assistance, seeing I had too many for safety, (hadn't disarmed a single man) but Coley Jordan, whether by accident or intentionally I do not know. He remarked, "Give me this fellow, I'll be responsible for him," meaning the fellow to whom I had promised protection. I told him no, that I had promised to keep him in my charge and would do so. We soon re-floored the bridge and crossed the canal, then forded the river, and with twenty or more prisoners marched on to Leesburg. On nearing the town the prisoner referred to above asked permission to see his mother and sisters and tell them good-bye. I then for the first time learned that he was a renegade Virginian and lived in Leesburg, having deserted his State and joined Key's command, which was stationed at Point of Rocks. I sent him to bid his family good-bye, and it happened that he lived next door to a young lady (Miss R. G.,) who was at the time in conversation with several of our men, one of whom was the renowned Fred. Smith. As soon as she saw the prisoner, she went into ecstasy and jumped for joy; expressed a very great and special desire to form the acquaintance of his captor—that she might thank him in person. Fred. Smith came down, delivered the message and escorted me up. She then explained to me why she had preferred his capture rather than a full regiment of any other Yankees, and had prayed incessantly that he would be. It seems that every time his command visited Leesburg, this fellow would take advantage of the opportunity to search with a squad every house in the town, particularly those of the prominent citizens, apparently looking for Mosby's men, and at the same time committing all the depredations possible. This, of course, was very trying to the citizens, especially the ladies, who had looked upon this fellow with holy horror. I promised Miss G. that I would not let him escape, and after receiving a very cordial invitation to visit her, which I promised to do in the near future, *very near future*, the command moved off.

Having decided to write you, I wrote Miss G., now Mrs. G., to ascertain if possible the name of this fellow, and though it has been thirty years last October, here is her reply :

WINCHESTER, VA., Oct. 10, 1894.

MR. F. H. RAHM :

Dear Sir : I fully appreciate the motive which prompted your request and answer at once. The name of the man was Forsythe, and I recall the incident perfectly. I feel sure your account of the escapade will be most interesting, and shall be greatly obliged for a copy. You see from the heading of this that I have changed my home ; have been living here for three years, and if by any chance you should visit this place, would be glad to see you and talk



over old times. Dear old Mosby, I look upon him as a noble-hearted man—so brave and altogether nice.

Very sincerely,

R. N. G.

After the re-union was decided upon, I sent the above letter to John Alexander, the originator of the re-union, and an acquaintance of Mrs. G., and here is his reply :

LEESBURG, VA., Jan. 3rd, 1895.

LIEUT. F. H. RAHM :

Dear Sir : I am in receipt of your letter with enclosures. I will be delighted to meet you at the re-union and talk over old times with you. I am hearing from the boys from all over the country, and they seem enthused at the prospect of looking into each other's faces again. I will be greatly disappointed if it is not a notable occasion. The newspaper men ask that you officers bring photographs of yourselves. I think they intend to give us a good writing up. I read Mrs. G.'s letter with great interest, and knew old Forsythe very well—he went to his reward a few years ago. I think I can appreciate your experience with him, and can also well understand how Mrs. G. struck the key note to your heart. She was rather given to striking the fellows' key notes. I don't know how you are provided for matrimonially, but will mention incidentally that she is a buxom widow of several years' standing.

Hoping to meet you soon,

Very truly,

JNO. H. A.

On the march I was rolling over in my mind the pleasant little interview we had, and begun to plan a trip back when I could remain longer. I was dreaming of Leesburg every night for a week or ten days, and at last, during a little lull, as I thought, I told my troubles to a friend (Green, of Co. D), who consented to visit Leesburg with me. We started October 15th, and remained over night at the house of Mr. Lycurgus Smith, below Upperville and near Snicker's Gap. I met there Channing Smith, Tom Booker and several others. The young ladies entertained us with music during the evening, and towards the close we decided to a man not to remain in the house that night. Booker and Smith went up on the mountain. Green and I went in the orchard, and having found a bin of sheaved oats nearly as large as a hay-stack, we drew the two bottom rails and dug a big hole in under the stack and made as comfortable quarters as one would wish. It was a fearful rainy night, so much so that I concluded to let my little mare remain in the stable rather than expose her to the weather. I, with the rest, had very carelessly left my pistols piled up under the piano at the house. Early the next morning I visited the stable, which was a little to the right and in front of the house. The rest of the men were at the spring washing, and while currying my mare (which was of course unsaddled and tied with a halter in her stall) I heard an old darky exclaim "Hello! my God, look at the Yankees." I ran to the stable door, and to my surprise there were at least two hundred Yankees, possibly more, of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, coming full tilt across a field towards the front of the house, not over one hundred yards off. I knew it was useless to try and get out with

my mare, so I ran towards the house, hallowing at the top of my voice that the Yanks were coming, so as to put the men on their guard. How or why it was that I was not made a pepper-box of before I burst through the front door I can't imagine. I made no halt, but out the back door and across the field towards a skirt of woods I flew, and it having been such a rainy night, my boots soon began to clog up with mud, which impeded my progress. The men from the spring had joined me, and with all my entreaties to them to scatter, as some might escape, yet they clung to me. I scaled two or three stone walls, which allowed me to gain on them for a while. Finally, just before reaching the woods, they had gotten in the same field, and seeing it impossible to reach the woods, being then only ten or fifteen yards behind me, I halted and threw up my hands. One fellow reined up his horse, sat deliberately in his saddle and while my hands were still raised he took deliberate aim and fired at me, but missed his mark. He then came up, and the first words he said were: "what number boots do you wear." I told him. He said "skin 'em off, then; let me have that watch." Of course you well know the folly to refuse. I gave him my hat, boots, watch, and what money I had, and was then marched up to the house, where they were re-forming. I recognized that our entire party were captured, seven or eight, with the exception of one man, who had very recently joined the command and had never before been on a raid. In running across the field he rolled into a blind ditch, covered with weed and grass, and at least fifty or more mounted men jumped the ditch, not aware of his being there. I was informed later that he remained there all day and came out that night. I will state here that Booker and Smith, who had gone to the mountains the night before, when on their way back, had reached the gate leading into the farm and witnessed the entire scene. Had they made a demonstration from their position, there is no doubt that they would have checked their movements, when I would have had ample time to gain the woods. Booker says he saw the fix I was in, but saw no earthly opportunity to assist me, as the whole place was covered with the enemy, and he and Smith unarmed. After getting to the house, the elegant breakfast our friend Lycurgus Smith had prepared for us was partaken of by our newly-formed acquaintances, and Mr. Smith was unusually attentive to their wants at the table, thinking, of course, when we moved off they would leave him behind; but no. One of the officers said, "get your hat, old gentleman, and go with us." As soon as I arrived I sought out the major in command and told him how much I thought of my little mare, and would esteem it a special favor to be allowed to ride her back where they intended carrying us; that I would like to see as much of her as I could. He replied, "certainly, Lieutenant, I haven't any objection." I drew a sigh of relief, as I could see a slight ray of hope. On my return I found that a captain had changed his saddle from his horse to my mare, and refused me the privilege; hence,

when we started I was mounted on a "plug" from the farm and riding one of the ladies' side-saddles, which, as you know, wasn't in keeping with my sex. Had I been allowed to ride my mare, I had made up my mind fully to give them the razzle-dazzle the very first clear open space I came to, and will bet my existence there was nothing in that command short of a bullet that would have overtaken me.

On reaching Rectortown we were put on board the train, carried to Alexandria and confined in an old bank building the first night ; the next morning we secured a daily newspaper, and while seated and reading the announcement of our arrival to the crowd a great big burly Irish-Yankee soldier ordered me to give him the chair, and because I did not respond as quickly as he thought I should have done, he knocked me down for my "politeness." Just then the men were so incensed that if I had said the word, I believe they would have torn him into threads, he being the only Yankee in the room. Soon after "luncheon" we were escorted to the cattle-pen. There I met one of my best friends, who was orderly sergeant of my company—A. G. Babcock. A braver and better soldier was not enlisted in the 43d Virginia Battalion—a man of Northern birth, who left his home and friends and cast his lot with the South. While confined in the cattle-pen a certain number of our command, who unfortunately were prisoners, were escorted out every morning and placed aboard the train—some in box cars and some on the cow catcher of the engine, being heavily guarded. In this manner they were made to ride up and down the rail road to prevent your throwing the train from the track. Babcock and Dave Smith, of my company, happened to be two of this party, and I will here relate an heroic act on the part of Smith, who was in the box car. While returning to Alexandria one night, he managed to open the door and made a leap in the dark, not knowing where he would land, but unfortunately for him, he landed almost in the arms of a picket, and was returned to captivity in chains. A few days after being confined in the pen, the prison accommodations being very meagre, we were removed to the old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C. I was sorry to leave the boys of my own command, and while we were all confined in the same building, I was assigned to the officers' quarters, the only inmate at that time being Lieut. Beverly Turner, (on Fitz Lee's staff) of Fauquier County, Virginia, of whom you no doubt know personally. Naturally we soon began to get quite chummy and plan for our escape. He having relatives in Philadelphia, gave me the name and number in case we were separated. In a few days a new arrival was ushered into our quarters—a Lieut. Alexander, from Texas, who had been a prisoner three times and each time made his escape when an entire stranger in that section of country. He says that neither time did he know what State he was in, having made his escape from trains. Lieut. Turner soon joined fortune with Alexander and left me in the lurch, but much to my delight, as my preference was to be alone in

a case of this kind. The old Capitol was merely a receiving prison and was soon filled. On one special occasion we had quite a number of noted arrivals, among whom were Gen. Roger A. Pryor, Col. Randolph Harrison, forty-sixth Virginia regiment ; Col. Peyton Wise, Lieutenant-Colonel forty-sixth Virginia regiment ; Major Andrew Venable, Assistant Inspector General ; Lieut. Ahern, Confederate Navy ; Maj. Hutchinson, of St. Louis, Mo. ; Capt. Josiah Ryland, and others.

I will refer, prior to my capture, to a fight Col. Chapman had with a handful of men. He attacked ten times his number at Front Royal and lost five men captured, three of whom were members of my company. Gen. Custer, as you know, hung the five men. While I was in prison, we read in the morning paper that you had captured nine of Custer's men, carried them to the spot where our men had been hung and hung the entire nine in retaliation. It began to look a little squally for those of us who happened at that particular time to be prisoners, and I will relate a little circumstance here which was calculated to make a fellow put on his thinking cap. Just after your having hung this squad of nine, the Yankees began to erect a scaffold in the prison yard almost directly under our window. Col. Woods, the officer in charge of the prison, frequently visited our room to chat with our officers, and by the way, he seemed to be a whole-souled, jolly fellow ; knew how to give and take a joke. At the time this scaffold was being built, there were some thirty or forty of our men in this one prison. Col. — had it understood with Wood, that on his next visit to our room, he would ask him for whose benefit the scaffold was being erected. The reply was agreed upon. So, on Wood's next visit, Col. — put the question to him, and his reply was : "I notice from the papers that Mosby is hanging quite a number of our men and as we have a number of his men here, we intend to show him that it is a game two can play at." Of course this was all gotten up for my benefit. Soon after Woods' departure, my friend, Col. —, interviewed me in a strain of condolence, saying it was but natural that I would be the first selected, being the only officer in their hands from our command. I notice I did not faint nor take the oath to get out, as one of our very prominent officers did, but not a Mosby man. However, it made me the more determined to escape if possible. A few days elapsed when one of their own party was swung up for having shot a woman while under the influence of liquor. My mind was considerably more at ease than it had been for some time on this turn of affairs.

It was very nearly two months to a day when we numbered eighty officers and news came inviting us to Fort Delaware and to pack up and be ready to move. I sought out my friend, Major Venable, to whom I related my tale of woe as regards going to the Fort ; had a decided aversion to being again incarcerated within its boundary, having been carried there from Gettysburg while a member of Company H, 9th Virginia Cavalry. I told the Major it

was all-important that I should shake the crowd as fondly as I had become attached to them, &c. I asked him how much money he had; he said, ten dollars, and that I was entirely welcome to the last cent; but remarked, "Come and look out of the window and see what a heavy escort we are to have." I did so and counted forty-odd Yanks to guard eighty-odd officers, all unarmed, and handicapped as we were. I replied, it made no difference if there was a regiment; that I fully intended to make the effort, as I had a taste of Fort Delaware and was sufficiently amused, and refused his kind offer, as I had four dollars and would make that do—that he might unexpectedly have occasion to use the ten he had, as I supposed he would avail himself of the opportunity to escape if the same was offered. He insisted on my taking five dollars, saying it was almost out of all reason to expect an escape, and while I was so determined he would feel better satisfied if I took the ten. This I refused to do, but after reflecting over the matter for awhile did accept five dollars. I had figured out my plan to work by, which was, on entering the coach, knowing it to be a double track from Washington to Philadelphia, where we were to take the boat, our train would naturally take the right hand track and I had made my calculations to get seated on the right-hand side of the coach and watch my opportunity to find a clay or soft dirt decline, when I would jump from the window and in striking the decline break my fall and roll down the embankment; but the jam on entering the car landed me on the opposite side of the coach which gave me the extra track on my side to contend with, which, in jumping, might prove very dangerous, as the risk of striking a tie or rail and being hurled back under the train, made a cold shudder creep over me. But I was determined, and watched in vain as we sped along, and noticed at every stop made, the guard would alight from the train and line the coach on both sides until we started again. We were all packed in this one coach like sardines in a box, guard and all, the front and rear platform being completely jammed with the guard. I had almost given up all hope of making my escape. While we made our last stop before reaching Philadelphia which was Chester, a small town fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, I whispered to my friends, Col. Wise and Major Hutchinson, who occupied the seat in front of me, to look out of the window and they would soon see me on terra-firma. I moved up into the gents' toilet-room in the front end of the coach. It was the 16th day of December, 1864, and as disagreeable as it was possible for a day to be—a fine, drizzling rain, cold, and freezing as fast as it fell. The street lamps had just been lighted in Chester. While the train was standing, I peered through the blinds and could see the guard on the ground surrounding the train. It soon moved off, and one by one they boarded the train. The last man ran quite a distance, swinging to the rail, looking down the coach to see that none of the men jumped from the windows or cut through the car floor and drop under the coach. When all was safe, as he thought, he jump-

ed up on the step. Though the train was going at a fearful speed by the time I had raised the window, I made the venture by swinging down the side of the car, resting on my right arm, and with one terrible plunge forward I struck the icy ground, and for one hundred yards it was all I could do to maintain my equilibrium, which I finally did and came to a slow gate. After the train had sped on its way, then came what I considered the most hazardous of all, which was to avoid being detected with my Confederate uniform on, and concluded that the safest plan was to go to Philadelphia, which was fifteen miles distant, and mingle in the crowd, and with that aim in view, I struck out up the track the way the train had gone, but had not proceeded far when I heard the noise of a train in the distance and soon saw the head-light coming from the direction in which the train had gone. The first thought that flashed through my brain was that they had missed me and were coming back after me. I could see the light, which seemed to cast its brilliancy for a mile on each side of the road, and to get from under the glare non-plussed me. However, I ran in all haste across a large field and hid behind a tree which I circled in order to keep in the shade until the train had passed. I then came out on the track and resumed my journey, but had not gone very far before I had another obstacle to encounter. This was in the shape of a Yankee standing guard at a bridge. I hesitated whether to try and flank him, cross the creek and go on, or put on a bold front and pierce the lion in his den. To get out on a dirt road I was fearful of getting lost, and as it was all-important to get under cover that night, as previously stated, I concluded to keep to the railroad. I unbuttoned my vest and turning the front of it and my coat under until the brass buttons were entirely hidden from view, and being held in position by my arm, I ventured up to interview the sentinel standing over a fire. After a brief conversation, I learned enough to convince me that he was there merely to protect the bridge; and, to make assurance doubly sure, I sounded him by asking whether he knew how far across the bridge the sheriff of the county lived, &c. Had a pass been necessary, naturally he would have asked if I had a permit to cross the bridge, but in reply merely said no, that he had been on duty there but a day or two and was not acquainted. I killed time a while longer, lit my pipe, gave him a big chunk of tobacco, and moved on. After that, there seemed to me to be nothing but a relay of bridges all the way to Philadelphia, and each one guarded as above. I suppose it must have been eleven o'clock when I reached the terminus of the horse-car line in the suburbs, where I found a car waiting to start. I boarded the car, and was the only passenger for quite a distance. Finally, I asked the driver how far it was up in town. He replied by asking, all in one breath, "Where do you wish to get off? at Walnut street?" Had he not mentioned Walnut street, I might then and there have given myself away, as I knew very little about the streets and localities of the city. This gave me a cue, and I replied in the affirmative, and

quickly entered on another subject. It was not long before a dozen or more young ladies and men got in the car, who filled it. All had skates, and no doubt they had been to a neighboring pond to have a good time. I slunk into a wee little space in the corner of the car, wondering how I was to know Walnut street when I came to it, and was very sensitive about asking any more questions. Finally, the car stopped as it crossed a very brilliantly-lighted street, and all hands prepared to disembark. I also got out and followed the crowd, and could see by the bearings that they were making towards the central or prominent part of the city, and soon ascertained that we were on Walnut street. I had not gone more than four or five blocks when I recognized a peculiarly constructed house which I had seen in 1859 or 1860, when I visited Philadelphia on rather a sad mission, that of having a younger brother operated on for a case of white swelling. My father came by the Episcopal High School with him, and had me to accompany them to be with him while he was absent to effect all necessary arrangements for the operation. We stopped at the Continental Hotel. After recognizing this peculiarly-constructed house, I knew the way to the Hotel, which was around the corner. To get a directory and hunt up the address of my friend Beverly Turner's relation, a Miss Julia T., which in the excitement I had forgotten, was the height of my ambition. After considering the matter quite a long time, I decided to put on a bold front, which I did, and called in the hotel and asked the clerk to let me see the directory. Of course I had securely concealed my brass buttons as before. The address was No. 2000 W— D— Place, West Philadelphia, two miles or more from the central portion of the city. I asked a hackman what he would charge to take me there. He replied, "five dollars." (I will here state that though it was twelve o'clock when I called in the hotel, everything was as bright as light could make it and a perfect jam of Yankee officers and civilians in the vestibule of the hotel.) I considered the matter quite a while before deciding whether I could afford to spend five dollars in that way, when I had only nine. Finally we compromised the matter by my agreeing to pay him three dollars for the round trip in case I had to return, thinking possibly I might not find Miss T. in. We started and finally reached the place, and for fear the tide of affairs might turn, I told the driver not to dismount. I left the carriage door open in case a retreat was necessary, when I intended to re-enter and drive off as rapidly as possible. I rang the bell, which was answered by a colored woman (it should be remembered that I was the first and only one who had made his escape up to the time of my leaving the train, and supposed the rest had been carried safely to Philadelphia). I asked if Miss Julia T. was in. The servant replied no, she was not. I asked how long it would be before she returned. Her reply was that she had gone to an entertainment and it might be late, but that her mother was in, and asked if I would like to see her. Not knowing her sentiments as

regards our cause, I hesitated and finally said no, in rather an independent manner; that it was not a matter of much importance. It appears that during the interview with the servant Mrs. T. had secreted herself behind the door. Suddenly she appeared, dismissed the servant, and invited me in. After introducing myself, of course under an assumed name as Mr. B., I asked to be excused, and stated (this I made up under the confusion of the moment as I proceeded) that by chance it so happened I was at the Baltimore and Ohio depot, where a train of Rebel prisoners arrived, and among them was a nephew of hers, Lieutenant Beverly Turner, who had heard it was my intention to visit that portion of the city, and he requested me to favor him by calling and informing his cousin, Miss Julia T., that he was then at the depot, where he would remain over night and be sent by boat to Fort Delaware in the morning, and if she could make it convenient to call early in the morning he would be more than delighted to see her. She answered this by insisting that I come in. I hesitated a long time before making up my mind to accept her invitation, although I had a great desire to do so all the time. Finally, I reconciled myself to the fact that I had seen but the two women, and on a close call, if necessary, one rebel could outgeneral two Yankee women. With that I passed into the hall. She closed the door and we entered the parlor, the door of which she also closed, and then gave vent to the following expression: "I know who you are as well as you do yourself. Can you tell me one thing?" "What is it?" I asked. She said: "Answer me this: Has General Lee turned all of his officers loose in Philadelphia to-night?" I was dumfounded, and asked her why. She replied, "You make the sixth prisoner who has made his escape from that train, all of whom have been in this house to-night, and oh my, how you did frighten me." Just then she began to feel the effects of the excitement, and it was a few moments before she regained composure. When she did, she said, "Your coming here with such a marvelous message from Beverly, who I knew had also made his escape and had been here with several friends early in the evening, all of whom I had stowed away for safety, caused me to suspect that you were a detective and on their trail; therefore my caution." She told me to discharge the carriage and we would then talk over the situation. I did so. She then told me that it was not safe to entertain me there, but would take me down town to a friend of hers, in whose hands I would be perfectly safe, and it had to be done that night, as she was known to be a sympathizer with the South and it was dangerous to remain there. I regretted having discharged the carriage and suggested that I go and get a conveyance, when she remarked no, that she would much prefer that we walk and be alone, as in that case she knew it to be better than having a third party along. It was then after one o'clock when we started, being, as I have previously said, all ice under foot and still drizzling fine rain and freezing as fast as it fell. We were compelled to take to the mid-

dle of the street, as it was very slippery under foot. I suppose we had gone a mile or more when Mrs. T. remarked, "I want you to make a short call with me, and don't say a word to any one until I tell you, but follow me." With this she stopped at a four-story brownstone front, rang the bell, which was soon answered, and asked if the ladies were in. The servant replied yes, you will find them all up stairs on the top floor. Up we went, and finally she ushered me into the presence of several of the others whom she had stowed away earlier in the evening. Among them were my friends, Major Venable, Lieutenants Turner and Alexander, and a bevy of young lady sympathisers who had been collected from the neighborhood. These gentlemen had told them of my escape and that I was one of Mosby's guerrillas, and that they felt very anxious as regards my safety. When I was introduced to the ladies, the enthusiasm of the hand shaking and congratulations that followed was such as to lead one to the conclusion that we had not met before for years, while in fact it had been only a few hours since we parted. The ladies seemed surprised when told of my being the missing guerrilla, and gave vent to exclamations of astonishment, saying that they had heard and read so much of Mosby's guerrillas, they had supposed them to be a band of half-civilized ruffians. My friends remarked that they had displayed more judgment than I, as they had ridden all the way and made their escape as the train was entering the depot, arriving at Mrs. T.'s early in the evening. After having spent quite a pleasant time, my lady friend and I bade them good-bye and started on our journey. On reaching the front door Mrs. T. remarked that immediately across the street lived Gen. B. of the Federal army. After having gone some distance down town, as far as Spruce street, Mrs. T. said, "there is number —; take a note of it; we will only go to the next corner, where I will bid you good night. When you return, ask to see Mrs. E., and say to her that I sent you to call on her. You can explain the rest. I will return alone." Now just think of the heroism that this lady displayed for the sake of an entire stranger, and she advanced in years. I retraced the few steps to the number, rang the bell, which was answered by a colored servant. I asked to see Mrs. E. She replied that Mrs. E. had retired. I told her that it was important that I should see the lady and to go and ask if she could be seen. The servant returned and said, "Mrs. E. says call in the morning." This was a dreadful set-back. My friend, Mrs. T., had gone; it was then after two o'clock A. M., and I was compelled to get under shelter that night. I told the servant to return and tell Mrs. E. that it was a matter of the utmost importance that I see her at once. The servant came back and asked me into the parlor, and said Mrs. E. would be down in a few moments—as soon as she arranged her toilet. She soon appeared in the parlor, and before uttering a word wept as though her heart would break. As soon as she composed herself, she said that on seeing me she recognized who and what I was, and her sympathy for one apparently so

young completely unnerved her. She even knew who had sent me, and asked, before I mentioned a name, whether Mrs. T. came with me; if so, had she returned alone. I replied in the affirmative, when she remarked, "such a true and noble woman!" She hurriedly made arrangements for me until morning, and asked that I would not leave my room until she sent for me. After being shown to my room I was soon wrapped in the arms of sweet repose, being, as I thought, buried forty feet in feathers, and never before or since do I remember having had such a perfect night's rest. It appeared as though thousands of tons of weight had been removed from my brain. Unless one goes through such an ordeal, it is impossible for them to conceive the change of feeling. I was called at nine o'clock the next morning by the servant, who left a suit of citizen's clothes in my room, with a message from Mrs. E. to put them on and then come to breakfast. I soon made my appearance and found Mrs. E. waiting to breakfast with me, she having given Mr. E. his breakfast, who had gone to his office. She dismissed the servant, so that we could talk the situation over privately. We then made all the preliminary arrangements to avoid my being detected, she having already informed Mr. E. that I was a nephew of hers who had come in during the night before from one of the back counties, and cautioned me carefully to guard that point, and when in the evening she introduced me to Mr. E. I was not to enter into a political conversation or refer to the war while in Mr. E.'s company—in fact, to have as little to say to him as possible; that he was an out-and-out Republican of the deepest dye, but that she, being from Williamsburg and a Virginian by birth, was heart and soul with the South. He knew this, and spared her feelings by rarely ever mentioning the subject of the war.

As soon as she knew that I was from the city of Richmond, I could detect her countenance brighten. Said she was a warm admirer and a personal friend of Rev. Mr. Joshua Peterkin, of Richmond, and asked if I knew and could tell her anything of him. I replied that I could—that we had been living as neighbors for several years; that he was still living and in good health. A great deal more was talked over, all of which she seemed to appreciate very much. Said she felt more interested in me than in any escaped prisoner that it had ever been her pleasure to assist. Asked whether I had any pocket change; that I would run no risk, and was told where I could find a barber shop, which I soon adjourned to; had a shave, hair cut, and in fact a general overhauling. On my return, I found her waiting to take me to get a suit of clothes, and after admonishing me to do as I was told and to ask no questions, we started. Our first visit was to a clothing store, and as soon as we entered, the clerks seeing that I was with Mrs. E., up went a dozen or more hands, and they exclaimed, "this way, sir; this way; just look through the stock, and if you can be suited, I will try and select your size." In the meantime Mrs. E. was being entertained by the floor manager or probably the proprietor.

I made a selection and the change of clothes then and there. The clerk remarked that he knew where to send the old suit, and in rather an undertone said, "I have seen that suit many times before." It then dawned on me that I was in the midst of friends. Our next call was at the hatter's. The same movements were gone through with there, and I shall ever remember this as being the first time I had ever seen a "Derby" hat, a style unknown in the South at that time. With that hat and the latest in the way of a suit, I congratulated myself that I must be looking immense. I returned with Mrs. E. to the house and then started out on a promenade through the city, and fortunately I met some of my friends whom I had parted with the evening before. Of course we had several "rounds" together and began to concoct plans for our next move. I was told that Colonel Harrison had gone direct to and was stopping at the La Pierre Hotel, strictly a Southern house from cellar to garret, as were all of its guests—so much so, that when he walked into the dining-room to his meals, the guests would nudge each other and remark, "there goes Colonel Harrison, a rebel escaped prisoner." I afterwards learned that the proprietor had two sons in the Southern army. Also heard that one of our brave officers, Major Venable, not being satisfied with his liberty, telegraphed to his lady love, who was then in Baltimore, to come to Philadelphia, which she did, and they were married to separate at once and each to make their way South as best they could, to meet later, and their plans were successfully carried out. I have recently interviewed Major Venable, who says that after his marriage he held a reception at the La Pierre House, and had well up in the hundreds of couples, ladies and gentlemen, to call on him, and it is presumed they all knew who and what he was.

I will here let Colonel Peyton Wise tell a good one on Colonel Harrison, which the latter related to him after his return to Dixie :

RICHMOND, VA., May, 1895.

MY DEAR RAHM :

You have asked me to repeat, in this form, an incident relating to our mutual friend, Colonel Randolph Harrison, of Virginia, which occurred to him during the war, after his escape on the journey between the Old Capitol Prison at Washington and Philadelphia, while he was en route to the prison at Fort Delaware. Among those who escaped was also a little fellow by the name of Alexander, whom, because he was from Texas, we had dubbed by the name of his State, and rightfully, too, because he had all the flavor of the border State people about him, being a member of Mosby's command. (I have no recollection of such a member in the command—Rahm.) The men who escaped on the journey referred to separated, as was natural, after their arrival in Philadelphia. All of them except Harrison pursued what was perhaps the wiser part of being in hiding and keeping touch with each other only through the medium of the noble women in Philadelphia, who were ready at that time to risk liberty and fortune to sympathize in the most practical way with escaped prisoners from the South. These ladies supplied the escaped with food

and clothing, tended them in sickness and in every form in which the ministrations of women redeem human nature, showered attention upon them.

Harrison pursued the bolder plan of being the guest of the La Pierre House, a hostelry of the city in those days—attended the opera, for he was as fond of that form of music as Stuart was of Sweeney's banjo; took drinks at the swell bar of the Continental, and knew people so well that he began to be known in a certain circle as the "Confederate Colonel." On one of these occasions, after taking a "gin fiz" or a "peach blow" at the Continental bar with a superior court judge of one of the Northern States, introduced to the latter without result upon his liberty by his guide, he sallied forth at high noon, when the press of the swell was greatest on Chestnut street, to enjoy a promenade under such enchanting auspices for a man in his condition. He had not walked far before he was accosted by a dapper little figure clothed in jauntiest fashion, after the most extreme mode of the high flyer of the city. The figure had a gold eye-glass upon its nose, cocked at the most approved angle; his silk hat was the shiniest, his clothes were faultless and the more elegant because they were as far from loud as they were from cheap. The figure touched Harrison with quiet hand and said in a grave and low tone, "You are my prisoner; you are Colonel Harrison, of the Confederate army, and have played your game too well for me to come upon you ere this." Harrison gave it up at once—his misery was inexpressible. He damned his luck, of course, but the gentle hand of the experienced detective, as he thought, was more irresistible than the locked hand-cuffs of the most burly policeman. Making the most graceful surrender he could, only pleading that he might not be made a spectacle of among the fashionable loungers of the street, he declared that he would follow to any destination which might be indicated by the figure. It was then, and only then, that the dapper little figure, in even quieter fashion, said to him: "You ain't worth a chaw-tobacco; you forget your friends before they are well out of sight. Last week I was with you in the Old Capitol Prison, and my name is 'Texas.' Go thy way; it isn't thy fault, but thy foolishness, that has made thee whole. You ain't worth taking."

I would give much, dear Rahm, to see that little lame Alexander again. I hope he lives and prospers. Harrison has gone "up yonder."

Your friend,

PEYTON WISE.

After having settled down and become a good and peaceful citizen of Philadelphia, it occurred to me to try and inform my friends at home of my whereabouts. I knew there was a channel through which friends both North and South communicated from a friendly standpoint, but whether I could make use of it was a question. However, I decided to test it, and sent the following to the New York Herald, with a request to publish it:

PERSONAL—TO A. J. R. OR JOS. F. P., RICHMOND, VA.—I HAVE MADE MY ESCAPE and now sojourning at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Hope to be with you soon. Richmond (Va.) Dispatch please copy. **BOOTS.**

A. J. R. are the initials of my brother's name, Jos. F. P. those of my uncle, and Boots was the nickname I was known by from one end of Richmond to the other, and thought I would be recognized from the combination. A. J. R. was at the time serving in front of Richmond, and it being an old-standing

custom for outposts to exchange papers, this reached his hands almost immediately and a few days later appeared in the Richmond Dispatch.

The knowing ones will well remember that during the Fall and Winter of 1864 and 1865 there was an organization on the tapis with plans for the entire destruction by fire at a pre-concerted time of every hotel in New York city, and but for some misconstruction of the arrangements every one of them would have been in ashes on the same night. While in Philadelphia I was interviewed for the purpose of securing my services to operate with the gang, but declined on the ground of my being in service to shoot and not to burn; again, if it should fall to my lot to be hung, my preference for a location was to be nearer my home, when my friends would not have so far to carry me.

Most of the men decided to return home to the best advantage offered. I concluded to do so by way of Canada, and after remaining a week or ten days with Mrs. E., got ready to leave, and laid my plans before her, who had taken such an interest in me and had in every sense of the term been a mother to me. I omitted to say that the second day at Mrs. E.'s another escaped prisoner made his appearance. She gave him one of her home suits and some money and started him on his travels. This was the first and last time I have ever seen or heard of him. When I was ready to leave, Mrs. E. supplied me with money, and said that in order to insure my safety and ward off suspicion, she would introduce me to a friend of hers who would leave the city on a certain night, which she would ascertain from him, so that I could leave in company with him; that he was a Colonel B., who had served the first year as a twelve months' man in the Yankee army, and having soon found that he was fighting for the negro, would not re-enlist when his time expired, and at heart was just as good a rebel as I, and was known as a "copperhead," which was a term applied to all who sympathized with the South, and in reality was despised more by the Union element than a rebel was, as it was a case of "a wolf in sheep's clothing" with them. The arrangement was made, and Mr. E. was to take me to the Continental Hotel and introduce me to Colonel B. on the evening of our departure, which he did. Now, you will think strange of Mr. E.'s doing this in the face of what I have previously said at meeting with Mrs. E. for the first time. I can give no other explanation of this except that I have always thought that Mr. E. knew full well all the time who and what I was, but did not care to let it be known to me, and that both he and Mrs. E. had it arranged and understood to be in this shape and for a motive, viz: In case of Mrs. E. being detected, who was willing to take all chances, he could plead the "baby act" and be relieved of all responsibility in the matter. It was either that or else Mrs. E. had the reins and was driving the team regardless of all consequences. Now, you might naturally ask how it was that these different ladies took such an active part in assisting escaped prisoners. In reply, it may be stated that during the war there was a thorough system of underground work going on;

that is, there were secret organizations formed among the sympathizers of the Southern cause, and those who could not afford to take the risk would contribute with money and those not afraid would give both personal assistance and money. A great many such parties were known to be in existence among those in prison, and hence such fortunate ones as those who escaped would report to them for assistance. I will now return to where I was introduced to Col. B., who I found to be a very pleasant gentleman, living not very far from Philadelphia. He was on his way to spend his Christmas at home, having several brothers, three of whom were officers in the Yankee army and were expected home to take their Christmas dinner, being stationed in that vicinity, and also two very pleasant and agreeable sisters, a mother and father. Col. B. was the only Copperhead in the family, and they were all suspicious of his politics. His father was an out-and-out abolitionist of the blackest kind. Soon after getting into the sleeper, Col. B. noticed that I did not have an overcoat, and on arriving at a small town early in the evening, he hurriedly took me to a store near the depot and bought me one, for which he paid twenty dollars. He seemed to take quite a fancy to me, so much so that he prevailed upon me to go by home and spend a few days with him, assuring me that I would be safe. I finally consented—could hardly have refused after his being so very kind to me. He introduced me as his friend and partner from Philadelphia. During the first evening he remarked, "I'll take you down after tea and introduce you to a particular friend of mine, a Mr. G., editor of the — Times. He is of the same stripe as I am. We called and had a pleasant chat. Then they proposed to take me calling, and before I knew where I was they had entered a four-story building, ascended to the top floor, and were at a door having a small wicket. After a few raps the door was opened, and in the far end of the room were gathered forty or fifty men. Col. B. called their attention and in a reasonable tone introduced me as Lieutenant Rahm, of Mosby's guerrillas, an escaped rebel prisoner. Had I been shot out of a gun, I would not have been more surprised. They clustered around me and were exceptionally warm with their congratulations—assured me that I was among friends, and not to feel the least uncomfortable. I had of course to relate all about my escape. When we parted it was mutually agreed and understood that when on the street we were not to recognize each other. They were nothing short of a band of "Copperheads." For several days I was seen with only the Colonel and his friend, Mr. G. The Colonel's mother, knowing her son's views, also those of his friend Mr. G., and seeing me with only these two, naturally suspected that I was of the same stripe, and did mention the subject to the Colonel. Of course he denied it, and after partially satisfying her, remarked that I was very wealthy and would make a good catch for one of the girls. He then came and told me of the entire conversation, and to make matters more solid and get on the winning side of the old lady, to pitch in

and make love to one of the young ladies. It was all cut and dried, and he made me promise that I would give it to him straight every morning as to how I was progressing. I put in some good work for a novice for the short time I remained, and many were the jolly good laughs the Colonel and I had over it, as well as Mr. G. It is needless to say that I was in the very best of fellowship with Mrs. B., and when we parted it was with a promise to return soon. Miss B. and I had arrived at that stage where we were to correspond. (It was mean, Colonel, but I couldn't help it; Colonel B. put me up to it.) As previously stated, I had concluded to go to Canada, and when ready to leave, the Colonel gave me a letter of introduction, which read as follows:

REV. FATHER C—— :

My Dear Friend: This will introduce to you my friend Mr. B., who you will find to be all right. He is looking for a situation. Any favor you may extend to him will be considered as if of my own accord.

Your friend,

WALTER B.

This introductory letter was merely a blind, as he was of the same calibre as Col. B., and after seeing the party I was to enlighten him with all the particulars concerning my case. He lived in Erie, Penn., and had charge of a Catholic institute. Both parties being well known and men of prominence, it was supposed that this blind introductory letter would answer to ward off suspicion in the event of my being molested. It was information as regards the practicability of my getting to Canada that I was in most urgent need of, however. When I called he was absent from the city, and I was again thrown on my own resources. I concluded to run down to Detroit, Michigan, as I had heard there was a bridge spanning the river which connected the States with Canada, and thought possibly I might make a sneak over unobserved. It was my intention if possible to avoid Niagara Falls, as I was cautioned to be extra careful, it being very heavily picketed and closely watched by detectives. I had scarcely gone two hundred miles towards Detroit when I discovered, as I supposed, that I was spotted, whether from imagination or not I could not tell, but there was a fellow who seemed to follow me from one coach to another and made every move that I did. I concluded, however, that it would be safer for me to give him, in the vernacular of the base-ball rooters, the "goose egg," as I knew there would be a train bound in the opposite direction East which we would meet. I kept a lookout and made the transfer as the two trains were pulling out from the station, leaving my baggage behind. My next stop was at Buffalo, N. Y., about twelve miles from Niagara Falls. After dinner I walked to the depot to get some pointers, and seeing an old Irishman washing off a car window, asked him how long before the next train for Toronto would leave. He informed me that it would leave within thirty minutes. I assumed an air of surprise, and asked if he thought I would have time to return up town and get a passport to cross into Canada, to which he replied that it did

not require a passport. After being satisfied on this point, I felt relieved, it being the very thing I wanted to know, and it was not safe to ask too many questions among the "smart set." In due time the train left, and after making a stop of a few minutes at the Falls, which seemed to be weeks to me, I could see a free country but a short distance off, and the anxiety and suspense endured at that time was more trying to me than any I had experienced. Finally the train again started, and I raised the window and watched for the time when we would cross the dividing line, which I could detect from the swell in the bridge. As soon as I noticed a gradual decline I knew I was safe, having passed over half the length of the bridge, and into a neutral country. I threw myself back in the seat, and for a few moments gave vent to my pent-up feelings by hurrahing for Jeff. Davis and Gen. Lee, which antics I kept up for a considerable time. I do believe I was crazy for the time being. A crowd gathered around me, mostly Canadians, who were more in sympathy with the South than with the North. Here was another feast of congratulations. Assistance in every way was tendered me, and I believe I could have raised one thousand dollars out of the crowd if I would have accepted it. I was too full for utterance. All I cared for was room enough to spread myself, and I surely did it. One old rooster from Massachusetts said I was too young to be in the rebellion, and evidently did not know what I was fighting for, and that if I would accept the invitation, he would take me home with him, be a father to me until the war was over, and then send me home. I "cussed him up in short order and called it quits," when he dropped me like a hot potato, and left mumbling something about a hot-headed Southerner, hot blood, &c. We soon reached Toronto, where I reported to the Hon. Beverly Tucker, who was the Confederate Consul in Canada. He told me to report to him every morning for orders in the event something might turn up, and to tell the proprietor of the hotel to send my bill to him. Having reported to the Confederate agent, I was then subject to his orders, and it was obligatory on his part to defray all of my expenses. Mr. Tucker informed me that he had a squad of men at that time at work over there making raids into the States from the Canada side, and in a few days news came of a raid having been made by a handful of mounted Confederates on St. Alban's, Vermont, where they captured the town, coralled the citizens into the public square, and after killing the cashier of a bank took charge of its "assets" and skipped back into Canada. The United States authorities demanded of Canada that she should apprehend, if possible, the marauders and bring them to trial. A faint effort was made in answer to these demands and some few were captured, and they were then being tried when I reached Montreal. Those arrested, six or eight in number, seemed to be well supplied with "assets," so much so that they had purchased a very fine sleigh, drawn by six snow-white horses, carrying a miniature Confederate flag between the ears of each horse, which they used in

being transferred from prison to the court and back every day during the trial. The trial was in progress at the time of my departure for Nova Scotia, and to this day I have never known the result, but from indications at the time it must have ended in a farce.

I found it very, very cold in Canada, and more snow than I had ever seen. While there I made the acquaintance of several English officers, who treated me royally, sleighing and feasting me on every occasion. I met several renegade Virginians occupying soft berths, and who proposed to remain until the war was over. Mr. Tucker requested me to remain in Canada and operate there in this secret service, but I declined on the ground as before, that is, that it was bad enough to take chances of being hung nearer home, and more particularly so in this instance, as I had gotten farther north by many degrees, and more in the heart of Winter, which made outdoor sport entirely too inconsistent and not the least compatible with my feelings. Again, I had reflected over the hanging of our comrade, Willis, of Company B, who was a young minister—a scene several of our men witnessed at a distance, and as the Yankees largely outnumbered them, it was entirely out of their power to render assistance. After capturing him they selected a spot where stood a tall, slender white-oak sapling. Man after man ascended to the top, until their weight bore it to the ground, where they held it firm while they pinioned his arms behind him and placed a halter around his neck. Then making the halter fast to the extreme end of the sapling, at a given signal they simultaneously relinquished their hold, when he could be seen swinging to and fro, until the sapling had spent its force, his lifeless body dangling in the branches close to its trunk. I have often pictured in my imagination what a scene this must have been, and bethought how narrowly Wilson escaped a similar death on a previous occasion—that of the Cornell raid. It was in February, 1864, when this memorable event occurred. Foley Kemper and Willis boarded at Parson Herndon's, on the mountain side, between Markam and Paris. Ned Snead, Tobe Nottingham, John Core and I boarded at Manly Iden's, in the rear of the Parson's and about a quarter of a mile higher up the mountain. It was in the middle of a bleak wintry night, the ground covered several inches with snow and still snowing, when the Cornell party left Warrenton, twenty-five or thirty miles distant, they having calculated to enter our Confederacy about daybreak, which they did after a forced march, or run you might term it. Their idea was well conceived, as it was next to impossible for our men to remain out over night during such stormy weather; therefore most of them were snugly ensconced in their feather beds, little dreaming of midnight marauders. Iden came hurriedly into our room, shouting: "Get up, men—hurry—the Yankees are at Herndon's!" We were at the stable saddled up and mounted in less time than it takes to tell it. As soon as firing ceased at Herndon's, we ventured down and followed in their wake. Some

were sent ahead to notify every household of the approach of the Yankees. They turned at Paris to retrace their steps to Warrenton, and so rapid were their movements, that by the time we had gathered force enough to be the least available they were well on their way, though we followed them nearly to their very tents. On my return, not having seen either Kemper or Willis in the chase, naturally I began to enquire for them. Mr. Herndon informed me that he had not seen them nor did the Yankees take them off, and that they only captured two of Stuart's regular cavalry, who, while on their way to join their command, had stopped there all night. It appears that these two had been assigned to a room immediately opposite the one (at the head of the steps) in which Kemper and Willis slept, and had very carelessly left the door of their room ajar. Of course, the Yankees entered their room first, and all they had to do was to wake the boys up. Kemper and Willis heard the commotion and soon had their door rapped on, with a demand to open, which they refused to do, when the Yankees began firing through the door. The rear of the house was situated on an incline, hence it was some distance from their windows to the ground, being on the third floor. As soon as firing commenced, although in their "evening apparel," they raised their window and out they went, to take care of themselves as best they could. Fortunately for them the main body of the Yankees were in the front of the house. Kemper was found late in the morning on the mountain, sitting on a stump, frozen almost through and through, and it was with difficulty he could be restored to his normal condition by continual rubbing and bathing in cold water. Willis struck out for the stable loft, where he burrowed deep in the hay. The Yankees suspected his being there and hunted over every square inch in the place, as they thought, but to no avail. Willis told me of their having probed the hay with their sabres, and many times, in guarding his front, he would gently guide the sabre so as to throw it on one or the other side of him. Finally they left, having concluded that he had made his escape.

Here is probably the most authentic account of Willis's capture and execution, furnished by J. D. Baggasby :

"Young Willis was captured at Gaines' Cross Roads on the evening of Oct. 13th, 1864, by Gen. Powell's command, camped on the Marlow farm, at the foot of the Blue Ridge and on the graded road to Chester Gap, in Rappahannock county. On the following morning I was captured by the Yankees and carried to the Marlow farm, where they had Willis. I could not see him, but was only a short distance off. I heard the Yankee officers mention the fact that they had one of Mosby's men at Gen. Powell's headquarters, making his doom known to him—either that of hanging, shooting, or cutting his throat, whichever was decided upon. He was hung about 11 o'clock A. M., on the roadside passing the Marlow farm, and was taken down on the following day by John E. Rickett, Robert Deatherage, and William Bowling, and carried to the Baptist Church at Flint Hill, where he was buried on the following day. When cut down he was placarded on his breast, saying :

“Hung in retaliation for a Union soldier *said* to have been killed by one of Mosby’s men.”

Yours. &c.,

J. D. BAGGASBY.

When ready to leave Montreal, I secured a voucher from the authorities to the effect that I was not one of the St. Albans raiders, and with it started for Quebec. There I found as quaint an old city as any in existence, as I thought, the entire city being built very nearly all on one side of a hill. The St. Lawrence river was frozen nearly to the bottom, and teams crossed the same as they would the street here. I was told that a few years prior to that time they had laid a track on the ice across the river and ran passenger trains over it. I remained only a few days, when I departed for Riviere Deulu, it being the terminus of the railroad at that time. From that station the English government had a regular overland mail route to St. John’s, New Brunswick, a distance of five hundred miles or more, and at that season of the year the distance was covered with sleighs. I engaged passage for the through trip, much to the surprise of the natives, who had become aware of my being a Southerner and not accustomed to such weather. It was seldom a native would risk the trip. We traveled incessantly for five days and nights, and during most of the time I was buried at the bottom of the sleigh and covered with the heaviest kind of buffalo robes. At intervals of every twelve miles, being relay stations, the teams and drivers would be exchanged for fresh turnouts, which enabled us to keep up a pretty lively gait the entire distance. We passed the different sentry posts without being questioned, except on one occasion, when the sentinel being told of only one passenger, he pulled the robes aside and seeing me curled up in the bottom, remarked, “Oh, he is only a little fellow; drive on.” After being out several days, I wondered at the country being so open and apparently desolate. For a few miles back we had not seen a tree, much less signs of habitation, and I commented to the driver on the country being so open and thinly settled, when he asked, “d’ont you know where you are?” I replied, “no.” He then said to me that when the winters were as severe as that one had been, it afforded them an opportunity to take advantage of some near cuts across the country, which saved many miles, and for several miles back we had struck across an edge of the Bay of Fundy, and were then nearly half way over. The view was perfectly grand. As far as the eye could reach not a ruffle could be seen to mar the scene of one vast sheet of white surface, and above, the heavens seemed to be equally as beautiful, there being no clouds to obscure the beautiful blue sky. We soon struck a solid foundation, much to my delight, and after reaching St. John’s, where I remained a few days, I took a train for Halifax, Nova Scotia. There I remained several days, after reporting to the Consul, who informed me that the blockade-runner City of Petersburg would leave for Wilmington, N. C., and if I could secure passage on her he would send me over. By that time a dozen or more Confederates in the same

fix as myself had collected there. I called on the owner, Mr. Alex. Cameron, a Virginian whom I knew very well, and told him of my troubles. He very kindly offered to make me a present of my passage to Wilmington, but suggested that I was entitled to my commutation fee for the trip and to draw it, which I did, amounting to \$50. In a few days we were steaming out of the harbor, bound for Wilmington, N. C., and so cold that the water would freeze as fast as the paddles stirred it up, and in three days, when we reached the island of Bermuda, it was comfortable to go in bathing. As soon as we landed we were informed that Wilmington had been captured, which of course ended our travels for the time being. We reported to Capt. Crenshaw, also a Richmonder, and was told to hold ourselves subject to orders, and as soon as an opportunity offered he would send us over. We remained on the island six weeks or more, when several of us secured passage on a vessel flying British colors and left for Nassau, thinking we might run the blockade to Charleston, S. C., and on arriving in Nassau we heard that Charleston had capitulated a few days before. We again reported to the Confederate Agent, who ordered us to remain at our ease and send all bills to him, and as soon as he could do so would send us over. After remaining there about ten days, we arrived at the conclusion that our only chance would be to run to Havana and then to the Florida coast. We remained in Havana two weeks, and during that time quite a number of Confederates arrived, among them several bound for Richmond, viz: Lieut. Edw. Archer, Dr. Watson, Colonel Robert Munford, Mr. Eugene Carrington, and Mr. Robert Harrison of Petersburg, Va. We spent a most enjoyable time while there. Our greatest objection was in being compelled to turn night into day, as the heat was too intense to be comfortable during the day, and still another serious drawback was the fact that none of us could speak Spanish. We therefore had to attend meals all at the same time, so as to help each other. It would have amused you to see us studying our little Spanish instructor, in which we found words for daily use, especially for eatables.

One peculiar custom they had in Cuba was their mode of conveyance, being a *Volante*, similar to our present-day two-wheel cart, only with a top, and the team driven in tandem, the driver riding the lead horse, with the shaft horse to follow. I also noticed a custom they had of all teams going one and the same way, up one street and down another. After being in Havana two weeks or more, Capt. Maffitt, who had lost his cruiser, the *Florida*, came into the harbor commanding the blockade runner the *Owl*. He cast anchor under the guns of Moro Castle and banked his fires. In a few days a Yankee gunboat appeared in the harbor and cast anchor in close proximity to the *Owl*, but kept up a full head of steam, ready at any moment to weigh anchor and follow Maffitt should he attempt to leave. Unexpectedly, one morning news was circulated among the men to report to the Confederate Consul, when we

were informed that Maffitt would sail at one o'clock, and all who desired to go (we knew not where) should be on board promptly by that hour. As the time of our departure approached, the news spread over Havana, and when the time arrived every house and hill-top, and the beach as well, were a living mass of spectators, having been informed that the Yankee gunboat would follow us out and attempt our capture. As we passed out of the harbor, the Yankee boat close by our side, cheer after cheer went up. Maffitt steamed down the coast under every ounce of steam it was safe to carry, keeping within the boundary limit (three miles off shore, I think). The Yankee kept well out to sea, watching us with an eagle's eye. In this shape we had a fair race down the coast. At times I thought we were fairly jumping from billow to billow, when at last we noticed that the breach between us began to widen. Capt. Maffitt ran the Confederate flag to the masthead and tacked across the Yankee's bow, and bade her defiance. She belched forth with her guns, but most of the shot fell short, and we soon lost sight of her.

Now, Colonel, I will introduce to you Lieutenant Edward Archer, of the Navy, who was one of our party. In July, 1865, he wrote to one of his family, giving an account of our trials on the coast after leaving the Owl, which is as follows :

RICHMOND, VA., July 30th, 1865.

MY DEAR ———

I have been patiently waiting for the railroad to be opened in order to write you, giving an account of myself for a period of nearly two years' absence from home ; but now, no doubt Frank and William are with you and have anticipated me by telling you all about my adventures abroad and on the coast of Florida, where I landed on the 23rd of March, and made a very narrow escape from starving to death and being eaten up by alligators. For fear that they have not given you an accurate account of our troubles, I will venture to repeat them. You know the object of my going abroad?—on service connected with the Virginia Volunteer Navy, I having been commissioned First Assistant Engineer by the Secretary of the C. S. Navy. Well, having built our ship, "Hawk," I sailed from London on the 13th of June, 1864, for Bermuda, where I arrived after a beautiful passage of fourteen days. I found Dr. Watson had been waiting there six weeks, and his patience nearly exhausted ; but when I informed him that I had been sent over by the Captain (Edw. S. Styles) to communicate with *our President* (S. J. Harrison), our status, i. e., that *he* had not complied with his request to send out more funds to pay for the ship, and in consequence he (the Captain) and the Purser (D. T. Talley) had been detained in London, and would there remain until the ship was paid for, he became despondent and swore vengeance upon the head of him who had sent him out under false representations, &c. In the course of ten days after my arrival in Bermuda, the yellow fever became very fatal and a great

many people began to leave the island for Halifax, Dr. Watson amongst the number. He tried to persuade me to go with him, but I declined, as I had been sent over on *special duty*, and the failure in accomplishing the end—that is, to have more money sent out to the Captain and Purser—would be the cause of the failure of our enterprise, in which I had put my whole energy and fortune, and to which the eyes of our mother State were turned with pride, as she was the first to lend her aid in carrying out the act of Congress establishing a “Volunteer Navy.” My anxiety daily increased, as I had already been on the island over four months, without one word of comfort from the President of the Confederacy—not even a reply to my many earnest appeals to him warning him of the consequences of delay and his early promises on our leaving Richmond for England in September, 1863, in conjunction with the dreadful scourge that was depopulating this beautiful island at the fearful rate of twenty-five deaths in twenty-four hours in the town of St. George’s, containing a population of perhaps two thousand souls. This mortality of course did not thus continue for many weeks, but, from this stage of the disease the fever gradually subsided, spreading itself all through the island. Having become tired of St. George’s, I left for Hamilton, twelve miles distant, at the western end of the isle, where I obtained board with one of the best, motherly old ladies in the place, who became very much attached to me, as I did to her. I shall never forget her kindness nor that of her adopted daughter, Mary, during my sickness and that of my deceased friends. The name of Mrs. Catherine Slater will long be cherished by the many poor Confederates who have lived at her house and received at her hands that kindness known only to those who received it during those times of the greatest sickness and suffering. Poor Capt. Galloway, Whitehead and McGreggor! could they but speak again, how great would be their laudations of the “Confederate mother.” Six of us were taken sick, and *three* of that number *died*. I was the last to be sick, save poor McGreggor, who kindly put me to bed and nursed me whilst I was sick. I recovered, and in turn put *him* to bed, but alas! he died on the fifth day after! Should I ever forget those days that tried men’s hearts, and I hope made us all feel our dependence on Him who had sent this scourge to this people for some all-wise purpose!—perhaps to teach the people that in the midst of their affluence and wealth, which had suddenly brought this almost unknown island to rank amongst the greatest of the commercial world, in the short space of two years. They should ever be mindful that the wealth of this world is nothing in comparison with the salvation of their souls in the world to come, for we are reminded that it will profit us nothing to gain the riches of the whole world if we lose our own soul. But, I begin to be prosy. After a residence in Bermuda of nearly six months, I finally received a letter from London instructing me to return to Liverpool with the ship, with a cargo of cotton. So, on the 4th of December we steamed out of the har-

bor of St. George's for Liverpool, having lost eight of our men with yellow fever during our stay in Bermuda. On the 17th of December we arrived in Liverpool. I went immediately to London and reported our arrival.

To go into the many details which now occurred would take too much time and space, but let it suffice to know that the ship was sold, and left us all without one shilling in our pockets. I found the Doctor in London, he having gone over from Halifax when he heard that I was to return to London. What to be done now was evident, but how to proceed was the question, as a man without money has but few friends at best, and much worse in a foreign land. We determined to make a raise and strike a bee line for Dixie. So, the Doctor and I started down to the bankers, J. K. Gilliatt & Co., with the hope of accomplishing our object. Fortune favored us. We found a letter from home authorizing them to advance all the funds we may require. Imagine our feelings at being "lifted" so high. The *two* small pieces which I kept to jingle in my pockets to keep up appearances when in company with gentlemen, soon ceased to occupy so much latitude, but were crowded into the smallest corner of my pocket to make room for the higher and more precious metal—gold. Having shaken hands all around we bade our moneyed friends good-bye, and started to our lodgings, 42 Clorges street, to pack up, and by 6 P. M. we were in Liverpool—I in the highest spirits at the prospects of reaching home in a few weeks, and the Doctor in the *lowest* possible mood at having *lost his ticket* to Halifax on his way from his room in London to the cars. By 2:30 P. M., on the 21st January, we were under way from Liverpool in the Cunard steamer Africa (side-wheeler) for Halifax. During the twelve days' passage to Halifax the scenes we passed through were varied enough to the landsman, but to old and experienced tars, as myself and others of the passengers, they were the same as we had witnessed on many previous occasions. We experienced heavy weather, terminating in a *violent gale*, which made the old ship groan, and the passengers, I suppose, out of respect, kept her company—groaning, rolling, pitching and *heaving!* Except on one occasion, at dinner, when I received the contents of my neighbor's soup-plate in my lap; I suffered no inconvenience, but enjoyed heartily the misfortunes of my friends. Arriving in Halifax, we found a deep snow on the ground, and heard of the fall of Fort Fisher, N. C. We became doubly blue at this intelligence, as we had hoped to have left direct for Wilmington. However, we were offered a passage in the City of Petersburg to Bermuda by Mr. Alexander Cameron, of Petersburg, part owner, who was on board, and left on the 18th of February, in company with twelve "Confederates," who had made their escape from northern prisons, &c. During our sojourn in Halifax we enjoyed ourselves very much at the "*Rink*" looking at the ladies and girls skating. It is wonderful to see to what a state of perfection a science, skating, has been raised. The ladies, beautifully dressed in short dresses, *bloomer-fashion*,

displaying beautiful feet and ankles, are enabled to cut up all sorts of shins on the ice, and perform such feats that were I able to do the like on the *ground* I would consider myself to be envied by passers-by. As they would so coquettishly glide by me and give me a *dare* from their pretty black eyes, I could hardly restrain myself from putting on a pair of skates and following after them, but, on second thought, when I considered the consequences of a fall and the utmost satisfaction it would have given them in laughing at me, to say nothing of my mental and *bodily* feelings, which had just come in contact with the ice, "Prudence" whispered: "Don't make a fool of yourself!" I never have felt the weather anywhere so cold as it was in Halifax last February, and the transition from the cold of Nova Scotia to the agreeable warmth of Bermuda on the 22d was very marked, and, as a consequence, we all had colds in the head for a few days. On my second visit to Hamilton, you can imagine with what joy my old friend, Mrs. Slater, received me and the Doctor, who had also lived at her house. I did not go back to stay with her, but stayed at the hotel. Of course, she wanted to know the reason, but when I recalled to her the past scenes which I had gone through, and to go back to my old room, would have called back the sufferings of poor McGregor and others who now lie sleeping in the beautiful churchyard of Pembroke Parish, victims of that dreaded yellow fever—she very readily excused me, and I saw trickling down her careworn cheeks the warm tear of sympathy and affection when recalling the past and bidding me God-speed on my journey home.

On the 28th of February, in company with the twelve Confederates who accompanied us from Halifax, we left Bermuda in the barque *Europa* for Nassau, N. P., the Government agent (Maj. Norman Walker), not being able to send us on from this point since Charleston had fallen a short time after Wilmington. On the passage of nine days from Bermuda to Nassau we enjoyed ourselves very much, sleeping on our blankets on deck, it being very mild, but many a time we were aroused in the night by suddenly discovering ourselves afloat from a passing shower, which gives but little notice in these latitudes, but comes down by the *bucketsfull*, and is over in a very short while. Our principal source of amusement was from the pranks of "*Jocko*," who belonged to one of our party. Poor little fellow! During one of these performances he missed his footing, on the ship rolling, and fell overboard. The Captain hove the ship too, and lowered a boat with all haste, we all helping the crew, and sent her in search of him. I, with my opera glass in the rigging, could see him at least a quarter of a mile off, and gave the direction to the boat's crew, but on account of the sea then running quite high the men in the boat could not see him, and after an unsuccessful hunt for an hour returned to the ship. I was very forcibly struck with the remark the Captain made, thus showing how much attached one can become to such animals: "I

would almost as soon lost one of my men as that monkey!" On the 9th of March, my thirty-first birthday, we arrived in Nassau, being my second visit, as I stopped there on my way to Europe in 1863. Nassau, N. P., as you know, is an English colony, famous as a blockade rendezvous, about 300 miles from Charleston, and as some one of our party suggested that N. P. stands for "*Nigger Paradise*," you can infer, from this suggestion, that there must be *some* of the animals in that delectable town. It is said that Nassau was the first place Columbus landed, making any lengthened stay, and in commemoration, the English Government have erected a beautiful full-sized statue of Columbus in the Governor's grounds. The best band I ever heard is stationed here, and is composed of about thirty of the blackest negroes you can conceive of. I observed on several occasions when I attended their performances on the public square, the very peculiar characteristic of the negro, that every one of them whilst playing kept their bodies and *feet* in motion keeping time; to hold them down would have the same effect as that of holding down the donkey's tail as a means of stopping his braying music. (Vide Bayard's Taylor's Travels in India.)

Having gotten thus far on our journey, and by the way, we were further off from home than we were when in Halifax, we could go no further without we would go on to Matamoras, Mexico, as we found no vessels here going to Galveston, so we concluded to go on to Havana and try our chances from there, but first having made another raise of a few dollars, our first instalment having almost been exhausted, so on the 13th we all left for Havana on the blockade runner Mary Louisa Fanny, Capt. Fitz Carter, and arrived there on the 15th to dinner. This was also my second visit here, as you know. A man having plenty of money can spend it with as much satisfaction here, to himself, as any place I have ever been in—that is, if he is fond of everything nice in the way of cooling and refreshing drinks and eatables, and amusements of drives, operas, &c. The ladies of Havana, I think, are equal to any in the world in point of beauty, dress, &c. I admire very much the fashion of wearing the hair, I should say *dressing* the hair. The hair is beautifully powdered white, and afterwards sprinkled over with gold powder, the hair tucked up very high with large combs and filled with flowers. I went to the opera on the gala night—Sunday. Don't be surprised, for we must "do in Rome as Rome does," if we want to see the sights. "Trovatore" was performed. I have never witnessed a more splendid assemblage of beauty, grace and wealth in my life. This, added to the charming strains of the grand opera, almost turned my head. The "Tacon" Theatre is one of the largest in the world, and will hold 6,000 people. Our stay had now become longer in Havana than we were authorized, considering we had only a limited amount of cash at our disposal. However, we could not get away, so we enjoyed ourselves accordingly. The plan of proceeding via Matamoras pre-

sented now new difficulties, as we found it would take all our funds, and after we had landed in Dixie we would have to contend with a great deal of risk and trouble in transportation of our baggage across the Mississippi river, so we gave it out. Fortunately, Capt. Maffitt, of the Owl, undertook a scheme, which, after a good deal of trouble and risk to ourselves, safely landed us amongst our friends. The Doctor and myself, after a good deal of persuasion, and through the influence of Dr. Garnett, one of the party, who was a great friend of Maffitt, succeeded in obtaining a passage on the Owl. As the Owl could take only twelve of us, we had to separate from our original party which we had travelled with from Halifax, as the number had already been made up before we arrived, in a previous attempt of Maffitt to run in on the North Carolina coast, and of course they had the preference. On the 21st of March we bade farewell to Cuba on a cruise we did not know where we were going, Maffitt keeping his own counsel, and we were very willing to trust his reputation that all would be right. Two of our original party, Charles C. Hemming and John McGinnis, two fine fellows, we managed to stow away in the bunkers, and after we had been to sea three hours they made their appearance upon deck and reported to the captain. The Captain only laughed at their performance, and no doubt silently gave them much credit for their anxiety to return to their commands in the armies of Lee and Johnston. They had made their escape from Rock Island prison. Just before we left the harbor the United States gunboat Cherokee left, and Maffitt ran out behind her. She had made a good offing, and expected us to follow her, but Maffitt steamed down the coast. Soon we observed the Cherokee to change her course and put after us, firing at us. We deviled her a little, and presently put on all steam, and soon ran her out of sight. We came across her again next day, but she did not see us. On the 23d we reached the coast of Florida. Now, for the first time, we were told we were to run into St. Mark's. So we continued to run up the coast until 12 M., when we discovered we had passed by St. Mark's, as our reckoning placed us off Dog Island, the lighthouse of which we could see quite plainly; so we "about ship" and retraced our steps—course—and soon, about 3 P. M., made St. Mark's' lighthouse, distance about fifteen miles. We ran quite close, and observed with our glasses that the mouth of the river was closely blockaded, and that it would be impossible for us to enter, so the captain steered directly out for sea, intending to return to Havana. This was a sad disappointment to us, particularly to those of the party who had made before an unsuccessful attempt to reach the Confederacy; so we appealed to the Captain to put us ashore in one of the ship's boats and let us look out for ourselves. This he said he could not do, but if we choose we could take the boat and make the best of our way to the shore, distance about twelve miles. We all readily agreed to undertake the perilous duty. The life-boat was launched, and immediately we

all commenced putting in our baggage, the sail having been adjusted previously. Whilst we were thus busily engaged, the quartermaster reported that "he saw a steamer bearing down for us about ten miles off." The captain, fearing she would cut him off and not be able to clear the reefs to seaward, gave orders to make all haste and jump in and shove off. Fourteen of us were crowded in one small life-boat, bag and baggage. In our party we had but *few* sailors, consequently everybody was captain. Imagine the confusion. Fourteen land lubbers, all giving orders, and each one at the top of his voice. This state of affairs frightened two of our party (Dr. Watson and Eugene Carrington) so much that they threatened to jump overboard and swim back to the steamer if we did not turn back and put them off; so, rather than let them carry out their threat, we put the boat about and returned to the steamer and put them out of our small boat on board, at the same time putting on board some of our baggage, as the boat was too deeply loaded. I left one trunk in charge of the Doctor (Watson), who returned on board with Capt. Carrington. Having thus lightened the boat of several hundred pounds of baggage, we then insisted on the Doctor and Captain to come with us, but to no purpose. By this time the steamer reported by the quartermaster could be seen distinctly from our boat, so once more we shoved off for the shore, having received directions from the pilot how to steer. We had gone about two hundred yards when the Owl started ahead. We gave her three cheers, which were heartily returned. Darkness soon came upon us, and the Owl was not seen very long after we parted company. In our hurry and confusion we came off without any provisions or water, which had been prepared for us by the steward. True, I inquired before leaving the ship if they were in the boat, and received an answer that they *were*, but unfortunately the person referred to a small bag of provisions which Dr. Garnett had in his trunk, which, however, had he not have brought, we would have suffered terribly, or perhaps starved. We continued sailing until 10 o'clock P. M., when we suddenly found ourselves in the marsh, hard and fast aground, although we kept a good look out ahead, but it being quite dark we could not judge of the distance from land. What was to be done? What a disappointment, as we expected to have found a sandy beach, as the pilot told us, we should land upon. It was determined to shove off and go further to the westward. We now took in sail, and the best oarsmen amongst us each took an oar and commenced pulling, hoping to find a good sandy landing that night, but as it began to grow late we pulled about an hour and a half until 1:30 P. M., and concluded to run in a little cove for the night and wait until morning, when we could better judge of our position and distance from the main land. We pulled the boat well up ashore, and some of the party remained in the boat and others went ashore and made a bed on the rushes and seaweed, covering with our blankets to keep off the mosquitoes, who very soon after our landing

paid us a visit of congratulation on our safe arrival on Confederate soil. It was agreed that each one would keep watch three quarters of an hour to look after the boat that she did not float away and leave us in the lurch. I don't know how much the others slept, but I know I did not sleep a wink, for between the howling of wolves and night owls, and the singing of mosquitoes—you know how fond of music I am (?)—I became so restless that my eyes were propped. This gave me an opportunity of viewing our situation, beset on one side by the Gulf of Mexico (Florida), and on the other by wolves, alligators and mosquitoes, and worse than all, a marsh, the extent of which we know nothing about, perhaps impassable to the main land, and without provisions and water, except a few boxes of Guava jelly and a little coffee the Doctor had, and a half pint of brandy—say I did not see the grim visage of death staring us in the face, and when I looked around me in my lonely watch and saw eleven stout men with warm hearts lying asleep upon the damp rushes, I should dread to think who amongst us will survive to tell the fate of the eleven. Whilst in this deep reverie sleep got the advantage of my thoughts. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by Charlie crying out: “Archer, get up, get up; the day is breaking!” We all immediately got up and spread out our blankets to dry, as the dew had completely saturated them, and my bones felt as if they were not used to such heavy dews. We all now held a council to determine what was best to be done, and it was determined to send out a party to make a reconnoissance and to return in time for high tide; so that if not successful in reaching the mainland, we would be able to continue our course to the windward. Another party went out to look for water, as we began to feel very thirsty. In an hour one of the water party returned with a canteen of *very brackish water*, which we, however, drank in moderate quantities. The Doctor, in the meantime, looked over his small lot of stores and found a dozen and a half boxes of Guava jelly, one pound of chocolate and about six pounds of raw coffee. Another party, Lylle, had some medicines, and another *one* pint of brandy. These were our only stores, and there were twelve in all, with no prospects of a speedy deliverance from our embarrassing position. Our first duty was to appoint a *caterer*, which fell to my lot by acclamation. Close by where we were we found a small running stream, which proved to be brackish water. Charley proposed that we go fishing. “Who has a fish hook?” all cried out together. “We can't fish without a hook,” said one. “Make a net,” cried another. Gentlemen, stop your suggestions; I think I have some hooks in my trunk, said I, and “if you will help me to get to my trunk I will look.” With Charlie's assistance I soon found the hooks, carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, and in the same place where I had put them last December in Bermuda. I furnished also a line, which was made of strong thread twisted. Off Charley went, but after an hour's fishing he returned

with a handful of *oysters*, which he had found in the creek as the tide fell, leaving them out of the water. These were very acceptable, as we had eaten nothing all day, and now it was 10 o'clock. Suddenly we heard voices in the distance calling for help. A party went off to their assistance, as we knew it was our party returning, as it was near time, by agreement, before leaving: "Bring an oar!" "Bring an oar!" "Some one must be mired," it was suggested, which proved to be the fact. One of the party was almost exhausted, and required assistance. I suggested that the oar should not be sent for fear of losing it, as we had only *four*, which we depended on for our safe deliverance should our sail fail us in a head-wind. Presently, whilst we were thinking whether we would send the oar or not, one of the reconnoitering party returned, and soon after the *mired man* (Major), leaning on the arm of the Doctor (Garnett), who had gone to his assistance. Poor fellow! he was completely *used up*. A big drink of brandy and a half box of jelly revived him, and the first words he was able to articulate were: "I t-e-l-l you, b-o-y-s, t-h-e o-n-l-y s-a-l-v-a-t-i-o-n is to s-t-i-c-k t-o t-h-e *B-o-a-t!*" These words proved true, as will appear hereafter. After half an hour's sleep Major awoke refreshed, and impressed it very firmly on our minds that it would be impossible to make our escape through the marsh. True, he did make the mainland, but beyond that again there was another marsh. On reaching the land he was almost exhausted, and by making the most extraordinary exertions he reached the point on his return from which we rescued him. He was the only one who held out to get to the land, the others remaining in the marsh awaiting his return. He had gone about three miles. Our mode of proceeding now became very plain, and that was, we must coast to the westward until we reach St. Mark's, the distance we judged to be thirty miles. But here a question arose, is St. Mark's to the eastward or westward? for, as can readily be conceived, we had lost all confidence in what the pilot had told us, and most of the party believed he did not know anything about the coast of Florida. However, I satisfied them that before we left the Owl I had seen with my glasses a lighthouse to the westward, but what lighthouse it was I could not say, of course. It might have been *Appalachicola*, and all we have to do is to try and make that lighthouse by coasting to the westward, and we are sure of not *starving*, but we may be *captured!* "Archer, you are Job's comforter," said Frank Rahm, "but, under the circumstances, I don't know whether we can do anything better." Here followed the strongest epithets on the head of the pilot, who had gotten us into this dilemma. Some were cruel enough to wish him in our situation, and we on board the Owl on the way back to Havana. I inwardly wished myself back, but, of course, did not express my sentiments openly. Whilst we were discussing the best course to pursue the tide was rising rapidly, and in a short while our boat was afloat, and Lylle and myself having mended the step of our mast which had split

just before we landed, making it necessary to take in sail, we all got in and shoved off, stepping the mast again and sailing out of the cove with a light breeze from the northeast. The Gulf was as smooth as a mirror on starting, but as the breeze freshened the sea rose a little as we left the land. It had occurred to us more than once that if we should have a "*northeaster*" our situation would be still more dangerous, as we could not venture in the boat, heavily loaded as she was, and with so inexperienced a boat's crew, and when these storms come up they last a long while; in the meantime we would be consuming our scanty store of provisions. After rounding a point of land we lost the breeze, and had to take in sail and row, so our fears of having a storm subsided, as we once more got into smooth water. We rowed about five miles, when we began to get tired and our hands blistered, and observing a little creek, we concluded to run up into it, with the hope of its carrying us up to the mainland, about three miles off. The idea of trying the land again, taking possession of the majority of the party! We had not proceeded far before the boat grounded, and, of course, we gave up the cherished idea of reaching the land via that route, so we hauled the boat up in the rushes and jumped out on a dry point of land, intending to remain until the tide rose so as to go further up the creek towards the land. As we had made a very scanty meal before starting in the morning, we now felt the need of something else, so we served out a small piece of chocolate to each one, quenching our thirst with the water in the creek, which proved to be brackish water. It was proposed that a party should go out reconnoitering whilst we were awaiting the tide to rise. Col. William Munford, Charlie, Frank and myself volunteered to go. As it was now four hours before sunset, we agreed to go as far as we could in two hours, leaving us the same time to return to the boat before dark. Before starting we took the precaution of putting a signal flag on one of the oars and sticking it up in the mud near the boat as a mark to guide us on our return, and the Colonel and Charlie each took a revolver, leaving the remaining one—we had only three—with the party with the boat, with the understanding that should it become dark before we returned, and they should hear the report of a pistol, they were to answer it by firing the one we left them, so that we could find the boat by paying attention to the sound of their pistol. We had proceeded about a mile, when we came to firm ground covered with grass and Palmetto trees. Here our party halted and reclined under the shade of the broad Palmetto. We needed rest, as we had waded through the swamp up to our waists in mud and water, and our hands full of thorns from the marsh grass and rushes, which we were obliged to push aside to prevent our eyes from being put out as we forced our way through. So encouraged were we at finding dry land and trees that it was thought best that one of us should return to the boat and bring all the baggage to this point and remain there during the night, and by early dawn make an effort to reach the woods,

a distance of about one mile, with bag and baggage, abandoning the boat to her own fate. As Frank had been out the day before with the other party, and was almost broken down with fatigue, he willingly agreed to return to the boat, informing the balance of the party of our opinion, and on what grounds we had based that opinion, &c., whilst the Colonel, Charlie and myself continued towards the woods, intending to go as far as possible, giving ourselves time enough to return to the Palmettoes before dark, when we hoped to give the party a very favorable report on being able to reach the mainland with ease and safety with all our baggage. We had not proceeded far, however, before we encountered new difficulties, as after walking about one-quarter of a mile we came to another marsh and deep creek. We waded through and continued on the other side about 100 yards, when we came to *another* creek, as we at first supposed, but on following up the banks we found that we were returning towards the boat, and that this *second* creek was the *first* returning on itself almost in an opposite direction, and, as far as we could judge, we would meet with innumerable obstacles, and that should we be able, which we doubted, to reach the pines, it would be impossible to carry our baggage, so we concluded to give up the attempt and hasten back to the boat to prevent the party from coming to the Palmettoes with the baggage, as *we* concluded, with our *ci-devant*, *mired friend*, that "*our only salvation is to stick to the boat!*" Our cup of misery overflowed when we returned to the boat and related all we had done and seen, as Frank had arrived and buoyed up the spirits of the party by assuring them that there would be no difficulty in getting to the mainland and walking up into the country to some habitation, leaving our trunks, if necessary, in the woods to be sent for. We found the fellows taking the baggage out of the boat and about starting. Was it not enough to discourage us? As the tide had fallen and left us about two miles from the edge of the still receding water, we had no other alternative left us but to remain quietly and await the tide to rise in order that we might make another start. New objects of dread now showed themselves, which before were hid from view by the water in the shape of immense *reefs*, extending miles out into the sea. We had fully made up our minds to make another start about 1 o'clock A. M., when the tide would be up sufficiently high to start, but these dreaded objects caused us to shudder at the thought of the possibility of running on one of those rocks and knocking a hole in the bottom of our boat, to which we looked for deliverance, particularly as we had no hammer or nails to repair so serious a damage, so we concluded to remain where we were and take daylight for our boat sailing. If we were disappointed in one respect, we were overjoyed in another by finding ourselves surrounded on every side in the creek by fine large oysters, so we all set to work and opened enough to satisfy our appetites, with the addition of a small quantity of parched coffee, which we parched in the *boat's bailer*. As it was

now almost dark, we spread out our blankets on the damp marsh, having previously cut down a quantity of rushes to sleep upon, and stretched ourselves out on them, and in an amazingly short space of time we were all, save the boatkeeper, dead asleep. As usual, I could not sleep. I never was as much annoyed in my life as I was *that* night. I was completely tired down from the effects of my long walk, so my bones fairly ached, and to add to this misery, the sand flies and mosquitoes would hover around me in *such* numbers, singing their mournful dirges, in company with the euphonious nasal sounds which proceeded from the sourrounding sleepers, kept me busy all night in a fever, first by getting rid of those troublesome blood-suckers, and then by turning my attention to my musical friends playing so lustily on their *nose-oons*, but, by adding a *shake* and a *turn*, I succeeded in modifying their discordant sounds, without, however, interfering with their *rests*. Shall I ever forget that night?

Whilst all this was going on I still preserved my senses. As the question of getting any more water to drink further up the coast had occurred to us, how was it possible to carry any with us from where we were when we start in the morning. The only thing approaching a vessel of any kind which would hold water was a canteen holding about one quart, and a pair of *new boots*, which the owner, Lylle, had offered on a previous occasion, but some of the more fastidious ones objected to drinking water out of them, simply because they had been worn *once*? Fortunately, a thought struck me. As our boat was one of "Francis' life-boats," it occurred to me that under the enclosed seats there must either be copper or zinc tanks, or else cork, which, in case the boat were to fill with water, would give her bouyancy, this being the principle of his (Francis') invention. If my conjecture be right in regard to there being *tanks* in the boat, then we could satisfy the most fastidious amongst us by taking out one of the air tanks and making a *water* tank out of it. By daylight I was up and in the boat knocking off the side of one of the box seats. The noise awoke some of the party: "What are you doing, man?" said the Colonel. Having explained my ideas, which were approved, with the suggestions of caution lest I should weaken the boat or cause her to leak, we proceeded to take off the side, and sure enough, we found a tank capable of holding about ten gallons of water. We took it out and made a round hole for a plug to be filled in and put it aside to be filled with fresh water at low tide. During the night the tide had risen, and was not yet low enough to get water fit to drink, as the sea water flows in the creek and causes the water to become salish. All of us now went to work, some getting oysters and others cooking them in the *boat's bailer* (which was an old quart cup), and roasting them in the ashes, &c. The Colonel, in the meantime, was toasting some coffee in an old tin cup without a bottom, which, after it had been sufficiently toasted, he put in an old handkerchief and

pounded it up fine, then boiling some water in the *bailer* and pouring it in the canteen on the ground coffee, stopped it up tight and set it to drawing near the fire ; so by the time the oysters were done we made in all a very comfortable breakfast. After breakfast John filled the water tank, whilst Lytle and I repaired again the step of the mast, it having *split in two*. By knocking the Doctor's box to pieces to get some nails, using the oar-locks for hammers, we managed to make a first-rate job of it, which lasted us the rest of our sailing. As a precautionary measure, the Doctor used to dose us three times a day with quinine to keep us from having chills and fevers, at the same time to act as a stimulant, but it was a difficult matter to get the boys to take it unless he mixed it with brandy. The tide having risen sufficiently and everything adjusted in the boat, we started once more. This was the twenty-fifth Saturday, third day. Before starting we took as near as we could the bearings of the reefs, but notwithstanding our precautions, we more than once struck the rocks, and had we been on them in the night we would not have been able to have gotten off, so hemmed in were we on every side. After striking we took in sail, and took the oars and rowed carefully along. The tide we observed to be rapidly falling, and to go outside the reefs and return towards the shore before it fell would be impossible, so we concluded to lighten the boat by jumping overboard and "tracking" her along the shore, as far as possible, before the tide fell too low ; besides we could get along much faster than we could with the oars. Just before we came to this conclusion the lookout at the bows discovered a lighthouse about fifteen miles off. The glass was passed all around, some agreeing with him, whilst others said it was a sail. At any rate, we for the first time felt safe, and tracked the boat up towards it with great spirit. As we approached the object of discussion it proved, to the delight of all hands, to be a lighthouse, and off the point we could distinctly see masts of ships. This no doubt was St. Mark's, as we all agreed. The greatest caution had now to be used to prevent ourselves from being captured, and to meet this end we kept as close in land as possible, as an object which we all saw about five miles off, and supposed to be a gunboat, was steering directly for us. By this time the tide had fallen so much as to make it impossible to shove the boat through the mud, so we concluded to stop behind a point out of view of the supposed gunboat and allow her to pass by, and then we would proceed at high tide on our way, say at 1:30 o'clock at night. We landed on a sandy point, the first sand we had seen, and viewed more closely the object of our fright—the *gunboat*—from the top of a Palmetto tree. With the aid of my glasses I positively declared that I could see the men walking on deck, and that she was a propeller, but that she was not underway, but at anchor. Another declared that he saw men fishing in the boats, and that the object was an old wreck, &c. Neither of us could agree, preferring his own eyes to anyone else's, consequently each persisted on what

he first declared as obstinately as the man did when he declared that "the horse was *fifteen feet* high." At any rate, the gunboat did not move. In the course of an hour the tide had fallen, leaving the *gunboat* high and dry, but she had suddenly changed her form and size into an immense *reef of rocks*, and the positively visible sailors proved so be *sea gulls*! I was very much run about these *sailors*, and the extraordinary magnifying powers of my glasses. We all felt relieved, however, and sat ourselves down on the sand and held once more a counsel. Our small party now became divided in opinion. Six of us were for standing by the boat to the last, and six for abandoning the boat and baggage and making the best of our way through the marsh into the woods, as it was argued we were only about fifteen miles from the lighthouse, and by taking to the woods we would surely come across some habitation before going many miles, and afterwards we could send for the baggage, and on the other hand, the risk of being captured increased every moment we remained on the coast and approached the lighthouse. On the other side it was agreed that as long as we remained in the boat we would not starve, for as a last resort we could at least give ourselves up to the enemy, but by leaving the boat we might never be able to reach St. Mark's or any habitation before all of our provisions would be eaten up, we not having any compass to guide us through the woods, and to say the least, there was more risk attending that course than there was by "sticking to the boat," provided that we were able to reach the woods through the marsh, as we had failed to do so on two previous occasions, and now the woods are much further off than on either of those two occasions. To settle the question, two of us—one from each of the differing sides—agreed to make another *reconnoissance*, and the whole party to be governed by the report that would be made on our return. Lylle and myself were selected, and we started off up the beach. We walked about three miles, wading over creeks up to our waists until we were broken down, and we concluded that the most rational plan would be to "stick by the boat," so we returned to make our report and to satisfy the anxious minds of our friends. On our return we found the body of a Yankee sailor which had floated on the beach, and had no doubt been killed in the recent attack on St. Mark's by the gunboats. We tried to bury the body, but not having anything to cover it over with we threw over it a few brushes and left it. We recognized it as being a sailor from the blue flannel shirt and pants which were partly on the body. Alas, poor Jack! thy bones lie now bleaching on the barren coast of Florida, whilst many of your comrades in that attack were buried on the battlefield on the banks of the St. Mark's river. Having reported the result of our reconnoissance, it was agreed to "stick by the boat," but not without the greatest difficulty in persuading Charlie that it was the best plan to pursue, and he at one time threatened to abandon the party and go alone. However, after we had talked the matter over, he reluctantly came

into terms. We all set to work getting supper, and we found our water tank very useful, as there was no fresh water where we were. After serving out an extra allowance of jelly and chocolate, we found that we had left a quarter of a pound of chocolate and a few pounds of coffee; the brandy had all been used, so we had to take our quinine without it. We all arranged our beds as on other occasions, and tied the painter of the boat around the leg of one of the party to keep the boat from floating away should the tide rise, and were soon in the land of Nod. I slept very soundly, and was very loth to get up when I was called to "get up." The tide was high enough to make a start; it was 11 o'clock at night. We built a large fire on the beach to warm by, for we were chilled through by the heavy dew, and arranged our blankets in the boat and then shoved off, intending if possible to run the blockade through the fleet off the lighthouse. Silence having been commanded by our helmsman, Godwin, we rowed along quietly towards the lighthouse. The stars were shining very brightly, and we took our direction and steered by one of the brightest in the direction we wanted to go. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, consequently the noise from our oars could be heard a great way off. We rowed about twelve miles and came to a dead standstill, as another discussion arose in the boat as to the propriety of going further. We were completely lost amongst reefs and islands, and did not exactly know the direction of the lighthouse. Charlie declared he would go no further, and if we did not put him ashore he would jump overboard (a second case of probable drowning) had we allowed him to carry out *his* threat; so we all thought, on reflection, except the Doctor (Garnett), that it was best to pull in shore near by, and this act proved to be the most prudent, as we soon found ourselves at the mouth of a deep creek, which we entered, and on turning around the bend at its mouth saw in the distance a fire, which we thought to be a picket fire. We now concealed ourselves well up into a little cove, and rested for the night in the boat, as the marsh was too wet to lie down in. It was now Sunday morning—2 o'clock. We all slept as well as we could in the boat, which was before day lying on her bilge at about an angle of forty-five degrees; but in inclining into that position some of the party were awakened by finding themselves in the water with their blankets, and the row they kicked up aroused those of us who were more fortunate, so we could sleep no more that morning. Whilst lying partly asleep and partly awake, I thought I heard a chicken cock crow, and I turned to the Colonel and asked him to listen. He listened a long while, when we heard an owl holler. "There's your chicken, Archer; now turn over and go to sleep." I must confess I felt cheap, as the *sailors* on the gunboat were first seen by me, and I was still made sport of about them, and now, to have another joke on me of hearing an *owl* for a *cock*, induced me to listen for a cock to crow, *anyhow*, before day. So, listening with all the ears I had, I presently heard in the distance *the cock crow again*, and before I

could announce the fact a half dozen voices cried : " I hear the cocks crowing ! " " Listen " !! It could not be doubted any longer, and the Colonel recalled what he had said when I first told him I had heard a cock crow. The day had fairly broken, and in the distance we could see the lighthouse, and in the woods a small log cabin. The sun rose magnificently, and its bright rays added joy to the already gladdened faces of our party, who no doubt inwardly thanked their Maker that He had delivered them from so perilous a situation, but whether into the hands of friends or enemies we could not say ; but if in the recent attack on St. Mark's by our enemy's gunboats they had been successful, there would remain but little doubt on this point. As soon as the fog which hung over the marsh had been lifted we could distinctly see the masts of light vessels off the mouth of the river. Seeing so many vessels at this point gave us hope that St. Mark's had not fallen ; so, with this hope, Charlie and Frank started off about 6 o'clock fully equipped, having previously eaten their allowance of chocolate—we had no jelly left—and filled their canteens with water from our water tank, which still contained a liberal supply for us all, receiving from us before starting an admonition not to return without something to eat for us, and assistance to take our baggage through the marsh, for although we were in sight of a house the marsh lay still between us and it. We watched them anxiously trudging through the marsh, and could see their *course* by the opened furrow made in the grass, although we could not see *them* until they came to a creek, when we lost them. The tide had now fallen and left us high and dry in the mud, and we amused ourselves looking at the vessels off the lighthouse (not without some anxiety, however, lest we should be discovered by their lookouts on the top of the lighthouse and in the tops of the ships ; for if it were possible for our party to reach the land, certainly they could send out a party and capture the whole of us if they happened to see us), and catching oysters, which we found to be better than any we had previously found on account of their being in salt water. Whilst I was thus satisfactorily engaged in filling that part of the inner man which produces a good humor with the rest of the body, some one sung out : " Lie down ! " " Lie down ! " My heart jumped into my throat, for the visions of an armed force from the gunboats to take us all prisoners still floated before my mind. I, however, complied, and squatted down as low as possible until my nether end came in too close proximity for comfort with the water beneath. In an opposite direction from me, and nearer the boat, I observed the Doctor making tracks for the marsh, but his big cavalry boots retarded his progress much more than he liked, consequently he did not run far. Soon, however, our fears were dispelled, as one of our party observed Frank, and soon after eight Confederate soldiers with Charlie, followed by two negro men with plates full of bread and meat ! We all took a long breath, for now we felt as if we could do so with impunity, and ran towards our deliverers with outstretched

hands, which were in turn grasped by them, and such a handshaking and congratulatory remarks as were now exchanged can more readily be imagined than I am able to depict on paper. We all sat down and ate heartily of the meat and bread, and I can speak for the party that we never enjoyed a meal so much as we did that one of fat pork and cold corn bread. We were told by the pickets that we were in a very unsafe situation, *within* the lines of the enemy, and that we must get out of them as soon as possible and with as little noise, at the same time. Of course, after this announcement, we did not loose much time, and whilst *we* were eating Charlie and Frank gave us an account of their exploits, and as we had to go through the same to get to the camp we would know before starting what we had to expect. After wading through mud and mire up to their waists, crossing several swamps and creeks, they finally came to solid land. They got up into one of the tallest trees near by, and with the aid of glasses they made a survey over the land. The log hut which we discovered from the boat was not inhabited. They saw in the distance two soldiers apparently on picket, whom they satisfied themselves were Confederates, as they had on gray clothes. They descended from the tree and carefully approached the two men, and when they had gotten near enough they made a signal to them with a handkerchief tied on to a stick announcing themselves as *friends*. They were told to advance by the corporal of the guard, who had in the meantime been called by the sentry. As they had to cross a creek to communicate their wants, the guard required them to hold their pistols up over their heads, pointing upwards, giving them warning that the first movement made by them towards resistance they would be shot. Of course, this order was readily complied with, as they had more cause to be alarmed than the pickets did. This precaution was taken by them, as they thought perhaps it was a trick of the enemy to draw them into an ambush, and as long as the creek was between them and the enemy all would be right. Frank and Charlie landed safely on the opposite bank of the creek, and were immediately captured and taken up to the guard-house, about half a mile off. They there again reiterated their statement and condition of our party to the captain in charge, but he was just as dubious as the corporal was to believe them, and they were about to be confined, when, fortunately for us all, the relief guard returned at the time, and among the guard was an old school mate and fellow soldier in the same regiment of Charlie, whom he had not seen for nearly two years. The mutual recognition cleared up all doubts as to the statement that had been made, and the captain very promptly ordered a guard of eight men to accompany Charlie and Frank back to the boat for our protection. Having finished our hearty meal we started for the camp, leaving Godwin and Lylle of our party, two soldiers and the negroes, with the boat and baggage, which they would bring up the creek or "slough" at high tide, taking with us our carpet-bags and other light baggage so as to lighten the

boat as much as possible. We all thought that the troubles which Charlie and Frank had gone through to get to the camp were perhaps a little exaggerated, but we had not gone far before we began to realize them to be facts. One of our party got stuck in the mire and had to be pulled out by the arms. I thought I never should be able to get through that swamp with my carpet bag, and had almost determined to throw it away, but seeing Frank ahead of me with a trunk weighing perhaps *ffly* pounds acted as an incentive for me to hold on to my bag. Some of us rested on the other side of this swamp, and we got separated from the rest of the party, and did not catch up with them until we reached camp. They very thoughtlessly having set fire to the grass by dropping a lighted match after lighting a pipe caused us to alter our course, as the wind blew the rushing flames towards us, which seemed to travel with the speed of the wind. On arriving at the camp we were almost exhausted, and we laid down on the grass to gain strength before attempting to take off our muddy and torn clothes, or to eat anything. The guard received us very kindly and showed us every attention. Mr. Chairs, the owner of the land and Salt Works, where we were, showed us the greatest kindness, and ordered his manager to prepare dinner for us. After dinner he ordered wagons to take us and our baggage, which had arrived in the boat shortly after we did, up to St. Mark's, a distance of six miles, where we arrived about 7 o'clock, whilst another wagon, with the boat, followed close on behind. We offered to pay Mr. Chairs for the trouble and expense he had been put to, but he refused to take one cent, remarking that "the troubles you boys have already gone through to get back to the Confederacy to fight her battles shows a spirit of patriotism which it does not become any patriot and lover of his country to discourage by exacting pay from you for so trivial a matter." This remark gave us the greatest satisfaction to know that even in the remotest corner of the South the spirit of independence prevailed, and that the spirit which led us to return home from the gay and fashionable city of Havana, where we could have remained even to this time at the expense of the Government, had we chosen, was so highly appreciated. We all found comfortable quarters in St. Mark's, some of us on board the Confederate States gunboat *Sprey*, and others in boarding-houses. Capt. Lewis, Confederate States Navy, furnished the Doctor and myself with transportation to our homes, and the rest of the party, from the commanding officer in charge of the post, to Tallahassee, which transportation tickets were countersigned in Tallahassee by the General (Samuel C. Jones), in charge of the district, on our arrival. We left St. Mark's at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of March, and arrived in Tallahassee via railroad at 8 A. M. Our arrival soon became noised about the city, and immediately the citizens came down to the hotel where we were and invited us to stay with them during our visit to Tallahassee. We all thanked them, and our trunks were taken up to the houses of those who had

extended the invitations. The Colonel, Dr. John and myself stayed with Col. Gamble, formerly of Richmond, Va., and the others each stayed with gentlemen who showed them the kindest and most marked attention and consideration. During our stay in Tallahassee of three days we were lionized and feasted to our hearts' content. We were informed by the authorities that it was the most fortunate thing for us that we entered the creek where we did, for had we gone half a mile further towards the lighthouse we would certainly have either been killed or captured by the enemy's pickets, and had we gone further up the *slough* (this *creek* turned out to be the *Ocilla slough*), we might have been shot by our own pickets, as on the night previous one of the enemy's row boats had been fired into and driven back from making a *reconnoissance* to ascertain, they supposed, how far up the creek was navigable so as to make an attack in our rear by a boat attack; so fortune "favored us." I shall always look back on those three days which we spent in Tallahassee with the greatest pleasure, as it gave us an assurance that, however badly off we were in the Confederate States, there still remained an abundance of true hospitality, and a great willingness on the part of all to help each other, and as this is the first great principle of a people's success, our hopes were elevated for our ultimate success in the *cause* in which we had embarked with the determination to "conquer or die." We left our old friend, the boat, at St. Mark's, which we subsequently sold to the Government for \$10,000, which left us each \$825, after paying some few incidental expenses. At this stage of our journey our party commenced to separate, the Doctor and John going to Alabama, whilst the rest of us continued on to Quincy, at which place we arrived in three hours from Tallahassee on the 29th via rail. We were here treated with the same kindness as we were in Tallahassee, and were invited to a party, where we met an assemblage of as pretty girls as I have seen anywhere. The next evening we left Quincy in a stage for Albany, passing through Bainbridge and Newton, a distance of about eighty miles, where we arrived at 3 P. M. on the 31st. When we arrived at the end of our stage-ride I don't think any of us felt much like taking such another for a long while. We were cramped and as stiff as if we had been beaten with clubs. We now proceeded via rail to Macon, where we stopped a day, and left for Milledgeville the next morning; from there we travelled to Sparta, and thence to the railroad, the whole distance being forty miles, in an open wagon. From this point we went to Augusta by rail. We there heard it rumored that Richmond had fallen and our army was retreating. We could not believe it, but our disbelief became a reality. We now hardly knew how to act, but as I fortunately found the Tredegar wagons there, and they would leave in a day or two for Blacksfock, the nearest point on the railroad, about 120 miles, and as the agent (Mr. Bell, agent for J. R. Anderson & Co., in charge of the wagons) kindly offered to take our baggage if we were willing to walk, we

concluded to accept his offer, and on the second day after we had reached Augusta we were on our way *marching* towards Gen. Johnston's army, which we desired to reach, as it would be impossible to get to Gen. Lee. We passed through Columbia and Winnsboro before arriving at the Junction, Blackstock. We were on the road six days, and passed many a pleasant hour, and some very disagreeable ones, too, for when it rained our slumbers were as much interfered with whilst sleeping in the *wagons* as the noted old Mr. "*Stol-fone*," of Norfolk notoriety, was by "*dem damned mans!*" We were a very seedy-looking party on arriving at the depot, and our legs and feet had become much swollen and very sore from so long a promenade, but we had not arrived many minutes before we heard the welcome whistle of the engine, and having embarked we soon found ourselves in the usually quiet little town of Chester, which was now all excitement, momentarily expecting a raid upon the town from Sheridan's cavalry, the report of the burning of Salisbury and Charlotte having just been received. We remained two days in Chester, not being able to go on, as the railroad trains had been stopped; but all the excitement having abated, as the raiders had gone in another direction, the cars commenced running, and we went on, arriving in Charlotte on the 15th of April, where we heard of the capture of *Lee and his army*. We could not believe this report, but the next day it was confirmed, and we of course *had* to believe it. We were a *blue* party that day, but, still hoping for the best, we determined to push on towards Johnston's army, our last stronghold, and if he retreated across the Mississippi we would follow him and fight to the last for our "country and our sires." Here we found, to our great surprise, Carrington, whom we had left on the Owl, and one of the two who returned, as we had supposed to Havana, until we heard before leaving Tallahassee that the Owl had landed them and her cargo near Deadman's Bay; he had taken another route via Washington, Ga., thereby getting ahead of us, but had left the Doctor (Watson) where they landed, he preferring to wait for the wagons to be sent down for the cargo, when he could get a ride and bring his baggage; he had tried a small cart, which could not bring both, &c. They had landed the day after us at the above-named point, were first chased off by a cruiser, but returned that night and landed all safely the next day. Captain Maffitt said he would never go back with his cargo to Havana. We left Charlotte for Salisbury on the 10th. The raiders had destroyed all the Government shops, railroad depot, &c., there, and the town looked forsaken. The next morning President Davis and his Cabinet came in and passed through on their retreat from Richmond, Danville, &c. Times looked gloomy now, and when I saw heads of departments paying their hotel bills with gold, and others bartering silver for *boiled eggs and biscuits*, I lost all confidence in the Confederate currency, and my faith in the *Confederacy itself* commenced to flag. I turned over to the Secretary some dispatches that had been entrusted

to me just as he was about to mount his jaded steed to follow in the long train of frightened officials headed by Dibrell's cavalry. At this place Charlie and our *mired man* (Major) left me and joined the cavalry escorting the President, and I continued alone on to Greensboro' via rail, having to walk twelve miles before reaching there, carrying only a small carpet-bag, as I had sent my trunk back to Augusta by the wagons, finding it impossible to bring it on with me. I immediately went to Gen. Johnston's headquarters and found Archer Anderson, who was delighted as well as surprised to see me. He told me of the assassination of President Lincoln, and many other very important things that were then going on, and, if successful, would bring about peace throughout the South. These negotiations, we all know, terminated in the dispersing of the Army of Tennessee, and virtually to the termination of the war. However unfortunate this end has been to the South, we can always look back with pride to the heroic defence we made for four long years with an army half clad and fed, and contending against numbers ten to one. I attached myself to Admiral Semmes' brigade, and received my parole on the 1st of May and immediately started for Richmond, arriving on the 4th, finding all of the family well, who were astonished at seeing me, they supposing I was still in Havana or Nassau. * * * * *

I have written the above account of my travels and trials, hoping they may be interesting to you all whilst they remain fresh in my memory, but I have no doubt you would rather have heard all I have told you from my own lips than from the imperfect manner I have tried to represent them on paper; but as it is impossible for me to say when I shall be able to come up to Wytheville to see you all, I have taken this method of communicating my adventures during the time I was absent from home on duty for the "Virginia Volunteer Navy Company."

I remain, very affectionately, your ———,

E. R. ARCHER.

Now that you have heard Lieut. Archer's version of our trials and tribulations endured while on the coast, &c., I will state that I preceded him by a few days from Tallahassee and journeyed on foot to Albany, Ga., where I took a train for Macon, there to find that Sherman had passed on his renowned march to the sea. I again took the dirt road to Augusta, Ga., and by rail from there to Washington, Ga., hence via Abbeville, S. C., and by the way, here is where Jeff Davis held his last council of war in the old Perry mansion, and where the Cabinet adjourned. It was from here that each member struck out to take care of himself. From there I footed it to Ches-

ter, S. C., where I once more struck the train, which landed me at Danville, Va., and where I met the different departments, all having left Richmond, and there it was I heard of Gen. Lee's surrender. I then concluded to return to North Carolina and report to Gen. Johnston, who at that time was in the neighborhood of Raleigh, N. C., and on reaching Greensboro' his surrender was announced, and about that time I happened to meet an old chum, Lieut. Frank Tappy, of Petersburg, Va., a staff officer, whose general and staff had been captured; said he would also have been, but happened to be out on a buttermilk forage. He proposed to me to wait until night and flank out a horse each from the quartermaster's department and try and get to your command. This we did under cover of darkness, and started that night for Lynchburg. Our first stop was five or six miles from Greensboro', where we asked for accommodations until morning, Tappy telling the old gentleman we were Confeds, but he was loth to believe it, having been expecting to see either or both armies at any moment. Finally, Tappy told him that we would lie down on the parlor floor, and let the horses graze in the yard under saddle, and would have to ask him to keep awake and watch for us—that we would in the morning pay him in hard money for his trouble. This he consented to do, and no doubt was building air castles at the prospect of seeing and handling hard money once again. With the exception of one or two false alarms we enjoyed an excellent night's rest. He had prepared a sumptuous breakfast at quite an early hour preparatory to our departure. Tappy asked him what the charges were, when he replied: "I will leave that to you, gentlemen." Tappy pulled out a wad of Confederate notes about the size of his wrist and peeled off a \$20 bill. The old gentleman remarked: "I thought you said you would pay me in hard money?" Tappy replied: "My God, if this isn't hard enough where do you expect to find any harder?" This satisfied the old gentleman as to who we were, when he was perfectly reconciled, and said that had he been sure he would not have charged us a cent—that he had two sons then in the army, if alive, and was anxious to hear from them. We bade the old gentleman adieu, and continued our journey to Lynchburg, Va., where for the first time we heard of your having disbanded the command. Tappy and I then concluded to go to Richmond, which we did by the tow-path of the James River and Kanawha canal, making the distance of 140 miles on horseback in two days, which reminded me of some raids I had been on when in a hurry. In June, 1865, I started for New Orleans to look after the affairs of my deceased father's branch house, which had not been heard from since New Orleans capitulated to the old Beast. I had to make the trip via Cincinnati, then by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers (all communication from Richmond south by rail having been destroyed). The first evening on board I noticed a number of passengers grouped around two gentlemen, who were evidently amusing the crowd with their songs. I

thought I recognized both the men and their voices. One of them soon looked up, caught my eye, and in a twinkling grasped my hand and said: "Jones is my name; you don't seem to recognize me." With that he led me off to one side and whispered not to mention his name aboard, as the two, Fred, and Channing Smith had been outlawed, and a considerable reward had been offered by the Government for their capture, dead or alive, inasmuch as they had conducted a little private warfare on their own hook for quite a considerable time after you had disbanded. They were then on their way to Mexico, and wanted me to join them. Fred had been a very special admirer of my little brown mare, as well as yourself, having noticed you on several occasions observing her very closely. In two or three days we reached Memphis, and in making the landing we noticed a number of horses at the levee to water. Fred remarked: "By the holy Moses, Rahm, there is your brown mare." I agreed that it did resemble her, and as soon as we tied up would go ashore and examine her. I explained to him that on her right hind hip, when her hair was nicely stroked, I could detect a shade lighter color about the size of a silver dollar, where she had a scar. We examined it, and sure enough it was my mare. I patted her on the neck and called her by name, "Maggie," and that instant her ears shot out in front as straight as an arrow. I then remarked: "Fred, it is my mare." The darkey on her replied: "No, it taint, boss; it's Maj. ——. We soon found that the Eighth Illinois cavalry, the same party who had captured me, were there. After ascertaining that our boat would remain there several hours, Fred and I repaired to the camp in the suburbs and introduced ourselves to the Major as being passengers on the down boat, and, having seen this mare of his, had taken quite a fancy to her, and if for sale, now that the war was over, would like to buy her. He replied that she was not for sale; that he prized her very highly from associations connected with her, &c., and on his regiment being disbanded he would take her home with him. We finally pumped out of him why he placed so much value on her, &c., which was that he had captured her from one of Mosby's officers, and as they were all well mounted she must be something extra—that he had noticed how she could get over ground, running or jumping equal to a deer. I abandoned all hope of again owning her, and told him of the entire affair in detail as to under what circumstances, where and when, she was captured, and that I was the original owner of the mare, and the party captured at the time; he recognized my having asked him to grant me permission to ride her as far as we were going, and remarked it was well that I did not, as he thought many times that it was a dash for liberty I expected to make, and the chances were that I would have been killed. He and the rest of the officers were delighted to see us, and we enjoyed an hour very pleasantly. When we parted it was with the promise that if he in the future concluded to part with her he would write me at Richmond, Va., and give me

the refusal of her, but up to date nothing has ever been heard from him. On returning to the boat Fred was outdone, and made me a proposition to remain there and flank her out that night, and he would get another, when we would make it by dirt road to New Orleans. This I would not listen to, as I was in a hurry to proceed on my way, though I felt awfully tempted to accept this proposition. I continued my journey to New Orleans, transacted my business and returned to Richmond, where I have been ever since. In 1870 I adopted the road as a profession, and on my first trip I had occasion to visit Abbeville, S. C. I bought a ticket at Greenville via Abbeville to Columbia, S. C., which left me fifty cents, all the cash I had then in hand, expecting to reach Columbia that night, where I would receive more funds. Having two hours in Abbeville to transact my business, I did not doubt in the least my ability to reach Columbia the same night. When nearly through my engagement, several ladies came in the store and monopolized the time of my customer until the departure of the train. Not knowing a soul in the town, and having only fifty cents in my pocket, I could not see very well how I was to remain over, as there was not another train until the next day. I excused myself to my customer, and remarked that the signal whistle for the departure of the train had been blown and he would have to excuse me. He replied that he had not completed his purchases, and it would pay me to remain until the next day. I knew the condition of my finances, while he did not. However, I considered the matter for a few moments, and finally decided to take my chances and remain, as I thought the flattering temptation to do so justified it, inasmuch as I had been in tight places before, and managed to wiggle out after a fashion. We adjourned until after dinner, when I returned from the hotel kept by three old maiden sisters, better known among the travelling fraternity as "The Three Graces," and completed the sale of my bill. Later in the evening my customer and I took a walk over the town, he explaining all objects of interest to me, among them the Perrin mansion. The rest of the evening and night I was trying to brace up and settle on some basis by which I could pay my two-dollar hotel bill the next morning and leave. Soon after breakfast I strolled out towards the suburbs and over the same ground I had been the evening before. With my hands clasped behind me, while looking intently down to the ground thinking over my situation, I recognized a suspicious-looking piece of paper, which I picked up, and found it to be a two-dollar bill. This occurred immediately in front of the gate entrance to the Perrin mansion, and where Jeff Davis and his Cabinet met for the last time.

One more remarkable coincident pertaining to the war, Colonel, and I will then bring my little tale of woe to a close. If you remember, in the summer of 1865, several of us formed a group and had our photos taken. Among the number were you, the centre, surrounded by the Richmond contingent, as

follows : Lieut. Ben Palmer, Sergeant Babcock, Tom Booker, Norman Randolph, Walter Gosden, Ike Gentry, Charlie Quarles, Otho Butler, John Puryear, and several others who were non-residents. In 1892 I visited the Chicago Exposition, and in passing the old "Libby Prison" my curiosity got the better of me, and I had to enter and view the old building once again. I found it to be a fac-simile of the building as it stood here in Richmond. On entering I noticed a little red-headed Yankee forming a crowd to start on his lecture. I listened attentively, and of all the absurd descriptions of what happened to the inmates of the Libby during the war, I wondered what would come next. The crowd to a unit plied question after question to him. He noticed the signs of disgust which my countenance betrayed, and when ready to turn his audience over to lecturer number two, in another department, he remarked to me : " You seem to be familiar with my lecture." I replied : " Entirely so," when he grasped me by the hand and said : " You must be an old comrade?" I replied : " If four years' services entitled me to that honor, I did not know but what I was." With this he led me to the desk and asked me to register, name, command, &c. I replied that possibly they would not relish my registration, which seemed to puzzle him for a moment, when he replied : " You must be a Johnnie?" I asked if it had just occurred to him that there were two sides during the war ; that it evidently had not from the tone of his lecture. I then explained to him my being from Richmond, and the old building was as natural as it could be. He insisted that I should register under the civilian's list, and put command, &c., which I did, and wide open, as " Lieut. F. H. Rahm, Richmond, Va., formerly of Col. John S. Mosby's Forty-third Virginia Battalion, Partisan Rangers." When he saw it I thought he would lose his breath. His first exelamation was : " The h—ll you say!" " Come this way ; I want to show you something!" He soon wheeled and asked me to look at that picture and see if I recognized any of the men. It was the group I previously referred to, " Mosby and his Men." I was equally as much surprised at seeing this as he was at meeting me. I remarked that every man there was alive, and on my return to Richmond I intended to tell the men what I had seen, and that the Yankees had punched the eyes out of the last one in the group, when his reply was : " For God's sake, don't ; they will make a raid up here, sure." We had quite a lengthy and very interesting talk over old scores, he being a member of Custer's command, which we had met on many a field. He said I was what he called the only " real live Johnnie" he had seen since the war

Colonel, owing to unavoidable circumstances, it was impossible for me to attend the recent reunion of the command at Salem in August, but hope to have the pleasure of meeting you at the next, here in Richmond, on the 23rd of May. Still, should an allwise Providence decree that we meet no more on

this earth, may your spirits be wafted on breezes of sweet perfume to a brighter and happier clime, there to dwell with angels evermore.

With best wishes, sincerely your friend,

FRANK H. RAHM.



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